

[JUNE 8 1865]

MILLION ENVELOPES sold annually
at PARKINS and GOTTOW, 25, OXFORD-STREET, W.
Useful envelopes 2s 6d per 1,000
Blank envelopes 2s 6d per 1,000

0,000 BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS,
and Church Services.
PARKINS and GOTTOW,
25 and 26, OXFORD-STREET, W.

0,000 of THE 2s. PRIZE WRITING
CASES have been sold. By post 2s stamps.
PARKINS and GOTTOW,
25 and 26, OXFORD-STREET, W.

0 SHEETS of NOTE PAPER for 6d.
120 SHEETS of Thick Blue for 1s.
PARKINS and GOTTOW,
25 and 26, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON W.

OLD'S HANDSOME FAMILY BIBLES,
from 10s. to 25 guineas; pocket Bibles, with glass from
1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.; elegantly bound Church Services, from 2s. to 4s. 6d.;
books in endless variety from 1s. to 2s. 6d. Without ex-
ception the largest, cheapest, and best have their value in the world.
JOHN FIELD'S Great Bible Warehouse, 65, Regent-st.
and 66, Oxford-st.

THREE HUNDRED BIBLE STORIES,
with nearly 500 Bible pictures, a pictorial Sunday book for
use. Handsomely bound, price 4s. 6d. Post-free from
FIELD'S Great Bible Warehouse, 65, Regent-street.
great stock of juvenile books in London.

ELEGANT PRESENT FOR 1s—
Solid Silver Toothpick, richly chased, to shut up for the
Next day, 1s. 5s. 2s. 3s. 4s. 5s. 6s. 7s. 8s. 9s. 10s. 11s. 12s. 13s. 14s. 15s. 16s. 17s. 18s. 19s. 20s. 21s. 22s. 23s. 24s. 25s. 26s. 27s. 28s. 29s. 30s. 31s. 32s. 33s. 34s. 35s. 36s. 37s. 38s. 39s. 40s. 41s. 42s. 43s. 44s. 45s. 46s. 47s. 48s. 49s. 50s. 51s. 52s. 53s. 54s. 55s. 56s. 57s. 58s. 59s. 60s. 61s. 62s. 63s. 64s. 65s. 66s. 67s. 68s. 69s. 70s. 71s. 72s. 73s. 74s. 75s. 76s. 77s. 78s. 79s. 80s. 81s. 82s. 83s. 84s. 85s. 86s. 87s. 88s. 89s. 90s. 91s. 92s. 93s. 94s. 95s. 96s. 97s. 98s. 99s. 100s. 101s. 102s. 103s. 104s. 105s. 106s. 107s. 108s. 109s. 110s. 111s. 112s. 113s. 114s. 115s. 116s. 117s. 118s. 119s. 120s. 121s. 122s. 123s. 124s. 125s. 126s. 127s. 128s. 129s. 130s. 131s. 132s. 133s. 134s. 135s. 136s. 137s. 138s. 139s. 140s. 141s. 142s. 143s. 144s. 145s. 146s. 147s. 148s. 149s. 150s. 151s. 152s. 153s. 154s. 155s. 156s. 157s. 158s. 159s. 160s. 161s. 162s. 163s. 164s. 165s. 166s. 167s. 168s. 169s. 170s. 171s. 172s. 173s. 174s. 175s. 176s. 177s. 178s. 179s. 180s. 181s. 182s. 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pered by hired vehicles—a happy mixture, indeed, compounded of substantial comfort, mild decorum, gentility to be forgotten as the influences of the day break down barriers, and here and there hilarious gaiety on the part of fast young men who are thoroughly conscious that a well adorned picture of a young man is not to be worn in silence and solemnity. And from all parts come the omnibuses and the resplendent old coaches, with "Epsom Downs" in print upon their panels, with a gay cigar-smoking driver contemplating satisfactorily the "whip round" on the course, and not unfrequently embarrassed as to the conduct of refractory leaders that want to know where the pole and the shafts are. This is the London spectacle on the morning of a Derby-day.

We are well on the road now. We have left the Elephant and Castle, and Kennington unfolds itself and its mild radiance of feminine beauty at windows and in forecourts to our fascinated eyes. Belgravia has been shy of us till we reach Stockwell, but here it sweeps into the stream with majestic force. Up aloft there, stiff, stern, and cool as a cucumber, is the "tawny Guardsman" banding the ribbons that control four silky-skinned bays that curl round into the high road in a parabolic line of beauty. Behind him comes a tumble of cool, white and amber drapery, guarded in the rear by two grooms with folded arms, while in the van are the bobbing postillions, sending four greys along as though Greta Green were their destination. It is computed that the number of vehicles on the road far exceeded that of any previous year; and, if slowness of pace can afford anything to judge by, the computation is certainly correct. Three hours and a half was the average time occupied in the journey from London to Epsom Downs, and thus it will be seen that, accounting for stoppages, about five miles an hour was the speed attained. But the time passed pleasantly enough, for there was "chaff" in plenty and to spare, and the variety was charming—the variety of faces, forms, vehicles, and wondrous "gets-up." The British female was in *excellent*, and now and then she brought her baby, a precocious infant, with a ravenous taste for dust and oranges, an early inclination to suffer from surfeit, but with a pleasing carelessness about the dangers of the road. As a rule, the mother who takes her infant to the Derby, begins to drink strong waters at the Elephant and Castle. She feels a lowness again at Kennington, and applies to the "bottle," regardless of Oriskanyian precepts and deterring examples. And so on (at Clapham, and throughout the course, till a resolution sets in, and she goes to sleep while Gladiateur wins. The prime amusement of the road seemed to consist in a mutual interchange of pledges of affection, with occasionally other favours of the missile nature, between persons—ladies and gentlemen—utterly unknown to each other. Every man's wife or sister, or sweetheart or cousin, was every other man's "darling," and a wail over the verbal *rencontres* resulting from so free a state of things. Not far from the race-course a great indulgence in this kind of general affection produced an *emette*. Simultaneously a wagon and a van were denuded of their occupants, and opposing forces met in furious combat. There was a "free fight" which would have cheered the soul of an Irishman at Donnybrook, and more than one gentleman went to the Derby "scratched" and otherwise abraded in feature. But generally speaking, the good-natured amableness was well received, or mildly frowned at, and an invitation to "liquor" tantalizingly supplemented by the exhibition of a stone bottle, but mostly carried out by a halt at the next public-house, settled the matter, and banished the green-eyed monster for the rest of the day.

We may let this suffice for the road and its features till we approach Epsom, where, in a somewhat narrow lane, the appearance of a mounted policeman, who gave the word to the infantry of the force, as he pursued his wild career, warned us that "the Prince of Wales was coming." Then the Derby was for the moment forgotten, and his royal highness superseded "Glad-he-ate-her," or "Glad-day-took," as the great horse was variously called, in public interest. He came so quietly, drawn by four plain greys, with blue-jacketed postillions, and was, with his party of four gentlemen, like "any other man" on a Derby Day, that he all but escaped notice in his light coat, white hat, and other racing additions. He fairly took his chance with the crowd, too; and at the moment when he was visible to our eyes, he was blocked—and blocked for some time—by a coterie of his admirers, and a load of "lively ones" at his wheel boxes. Albert Edward sat laughing—nay, practically joking with his *vis a vis*—and he seemed to enjoy the fun of the road with a gusto not more peculiar to him than to his future subjects. Evidently, he was determined to preserve his privacy as far as the people would let him. There were hats lifted, and there were a few cheers, when his presence and his detention became known. But the Prince declined to acknowledge them. He was busy with his pleasure—he was an ordinary mortal "going to the Derby," and he would not be more than one of the crowd.

Arrived on the Downs, the first objects which arrest attention are the so mighty broadsheets which, upraised to daring altitudes, and stuck upon every "coigne of vantage," meet the gaze at every turn along the road, and stifle the vision at every corner of the highest building, till Scott, the Champion Bill-poster, must have wept like another Alexander when he found there was not another world for him to conquer or paste over—we say, as soon as the spectator can tear himself from the contemplation of these triumphs of typography and bill-sticking, marvellous are the varieties of vagabondage awaiting his scrutiny. Here are the troupes of "Niggers," with blacker faces, louder voices, and higher shirt-collars than ever. Here is an improvisatore not very particular about his rhymes and rather free with his allusions, but showing a shrewd knowledge of human nature by making complimentary allusions preponderate. Paper plumes and paper roses everywhere. Brass bands blowing out blatant discords. Gipsies telling fortunes, and further showing their skill in palmistry by pocketing all trifles unconsidered for the moment. Add to these the glee-maidens, still-walkers, acrobats, jugglers, cheap Jacks, rifle gallery proprietors, beer-men, watermen, stable-men, and some very unstable men, and we have shown the customary features of the Course are not missing. A stroll away from the hill and towards the Grand Stand brings some fresher objects into view, to describe all which is impossible. Coming home there is the usual brutal attack made on the occupants of the returning carriages, peas and pebbles are being blown through tin tubes and flung from foolish fingers as a crowning pleasantry of the day, mingled with the occasional discharge of a paper-bag of flour at the head of some luckless wight.

The Oaks day brought with it unfavourable weather, and a drizzling rain accompanied the visitors home, most of the spectators leaving directly after seeing Regatta win the Oaks.

NAVAL AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE QUEEN.—Captain William Robert Morda, C.B., who has been appointed to be one of the Queen's naval aide-de-camp, vice Captain William Crispin, deceased, entered the navy in 1825, and served on the South American station from December, 1828, until wrecked, off Cape Frio, Dec. 5, 1830. He obtained command of the *Agamemnon*, 31, Oct. 24, 1833, and served in the Black Sea fleet, under Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., C.B., until Nov. 27, 1854, when he took command of the *Royal Albert*, 121, on the same station, Admiral Lyons shifting his flag into that ship Feb. 14 following. He was superseded by Captain the Hon. F. Egerton, March 30, 1857, and on the 3rd of the following month was appointed to the command of the *Hastings*, 60, sitting at Portsmouth for Coastguard service at Liverpool. He shifted into the *Majestic*, 80, at Liverpool, Feb. 1, 1860, and remained until appointed deputy-controller-general of the Coastguard, January 1, 1861, which post he held until appointed, in April, 1862, director of transports.

Notes of the Week.

A SERIOUS disaster happened to her Majesty's frigate *President*, used as a drill ship for the Royal Navy Reserve of the port of London, lying in the City Canal of the West India Dock, near the Limehouse entrance. It appears that since the ship has been turned over to this service very little in the shape of repairs up to the last few days had been done to her. In the course of last week shipwrights were engaged in caulking her, and the 32 36-lb guns on the middle deck were sent forward in order to get the stern more out of the water. The additional weight forward had the effect of causing the ship to spring a leak in the course of Saturday morning. Although there were between twenty and thirty hands, including officers on board, the fact of the ship making water was not discovered until, as reported, she had seventeen feet of water in her hold. Captain Mold, the commander, assisted by the dock officers, immediately rendered what aid they could towards relieving the ship, but she gradually settled down, and took the bottom of the canal. As soon as practicable the guns were removed from the head, and in order to prevent any catastrophe by the vessel heeling over, which would have brought the guns over with her, they were at once secured. Powerful pumping-engines were then brought to bear to clear the ship. Had the ship been in the river the consequences, in all probability, would have been very fearful.

In addition to other deaths having occurred under very painful circumstances on the Derby Day, another has to be recorded. This melancholy event took place between nine and ten o'clock on Wednesday evening week, in the village of Merton, when a respectable young woman named Elizabeth Taylor, aged twenty-three, was killed, her sister-in-law dangerously wounded, and her life despaired of, and several other persons seriously injured. It was stated that the vehicle in which they were riding was run into by a four-horse coach driven by Major Gerard Bolton, of the Indian army. The evidence on the one hand tended to show that Major Bolton was at the time driving at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and that, although there was room for three carriages in the road, the major's horses made straight for the wagonette, which was standing still outside the house of Mr. Pedwell, of High-street, Merton, then shied off, and the mail coach accordingly came into collision with the wagonette, turned it completely over, and fatally crushed the deceased under it. On the other hand it was denied that Major Bolton was intoxicated, as had been alleged, or was driving more than seven miles an hour. He and another witness were of opinion that as the bars and splitter bars had passed clear of the wagonette, there was ample room for the coach to follow, and as the accident occurred it must have been in consequence of the moving of the wagonette after the four horses had passed it. It was denied also that Major Bolton was intoxicated, as had been alleged, or that he had reined to stop when called to, though the driver of the wagonette had sworn that he had run on behind the coach, for fifty yards, shouting. After consulting a few minutes the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." Mr. Sergeant Parry said that as soon as Major Bolton was made aware of the fearful accident which had occurred he sent down Dr. Ferguson to attend Mrs. Taylor, and sincerely regretted what had occurred. The coroner said his conduct was very honourable, and the jury had said that no blame was attributable to him.

Shortly after six o'clock on Monday morning information was received at the Landport Police-station to the effect that a woman named Vaughan, wife of a stoker of that name employed on board her Majesty's ship *Diadem*, was found dead, under auspicious circumstances, at her house in Montague-street, Southsea. She is supposed to have been murdered, owing to marks of violence found on her throat, which are said to resemble bites. It appears that the deceased was in company of three soldiers at a beer-house on the previous night, and one of them was seen to go home with her, but nothing further was heard of her until she was found dead on the following morning. On Monday a private soldier belonging to the 26th Regiment was arrested at Clarence-barracks, on the charge of wilful murder.

A SHOCKING and fatal accident occurred at the lately opened Adderley Park siding, near Birmingham, on the London and North-Western Railway, on Saturday morning, which proves, if proof were still required, that it is dangerous to cross the iron rails otherwise than by the bridges. On Saturday morning, about eleven o'clock, the goods train for Wolverhampton arrived at Adderley Park, and was put into the siding to await the arrival of other waggons from Birmingham, also in order that the express due at 11:20 from London might pass. The engine having a goods train from Birmingham arrived shortly before the arrival of the mail train, and a man named Edward Hood, brakeman on the goods train in the siding, being anxious to see if the waggons for which his train was waiting had arrived, stepped on the rail for that purpose. At the same moment the mail train, due at the time stated, came by the station. Hood had been noticed to leave the break-van and to stop on the line, but the mail train appearing so rapidly, it appears he was for the moment not observed. However, immediately after the mail train had passed he was picked up from the line a considerable distance from the position in which he had been last seen, and his body presented a sickening spectacle. The buffer of the engine had evidently struck him and knocked his head to pieces, and falling on the line the wheels had passed over the bruised man, cutting off one of his feet, and so completely despatched him that the only part of his head remaining attached to the trunk was a small shred of one of the ears. Hood appears to have been a trusted servant of the company. He was about middle age, resided near Wolverhampton, and leaves a wife and two children to lament his sudden death.

On Monday, Mr. James George Richards, ex-deputy-coroner for East Middlesex, held an inquest at the Anchor Tavern, Dove-row, Shore-ditch, as to the death of Thomas William Watson, aged seven years, whose parents resided at No. 45, Dove-row. The deceased on Wednesday night week, about half-past eight o'clock, was playing near his home, when he got up behind a cab to ride. He subsequently slipped, and fell with his head between the wheel and the body of the vehicle, whereby he sustained such fearful injuries that he was found to be dead when extricated. There was no blame attached to the driver. The deputy-coroner remarked on the case, after which the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

SKELETON OF A WHALE.—The ship *Wagon*, Captain Hay, recently arrived at the London Docks from Hobart Town, has brought, in addition to her ordinary cargo, the complete skeleton of a sperm whale, about sixty feet in length.

ARTFUL AND EXTENSIVE ROBBERY OF LETTER BOXES.—The Glasgow police have just succeeded in arresting a lad named Hart, and a man named M'Mahon, who were engaged almost up to the hour of their arrest in artful robberies from letter-boxes in that city. They had succeeded in securing, amongst other prizes, seven letters containing bank cheques to the amount of £6,000 (the robbery being fortunately discovered in time to prevent the several sums from being secured) four letters containing £318, and three letters and a cheque for £93 l. The apparatus consisted of a wedge of lead, one side of which was covered by bird-line. By attaching this to a string in a peculiar manner, and dropping it into a letter-box, the letters were removed in succession by adhering to the bird-line, and being drawn up through the slit. Hart was brought before the magistrates, and sent to prison for a month, at the expiration of which time he is to be detained in a reformatory for five years.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The day after Prince Napoleon returned to Paris from Corsica he received a letter from the Minister of the Interior to say that the Empress wished to see him. The prince, who knew very well what it was all about, resolved to put the best face he could on the matter. He entered the Empress's apartment in a careless, joyous sort of manner, "Fair cousin," he said, "the Minister of the Interior has asked for my head, and I now bring it to you!" "Sir," replied the Empress, with as much stateliness and gravity as she could muster up, "the minister has conveyed my orders to you, and I am now awaiting those of the Emperor; I wish you good morning." She then left the room.

The funeral of Marshal Magnan took place at the Invalides, where all the ministers and the great dignitaries of State had assembled in the chapel. A body of troops 14,000 strong, representing all the services, mustered at half-past ten in the Place Vendôme, the headquarters of the late marshal, and escorted to the Invalides the remains, borne on a magnificent hearse, drawn by six black horses richly caparisoned. Marshal Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely commanded this little army. Five battalions of the Guard, ten of the line, four batteries of artillery, six squadrons of cavalry, detachments from all the regiments, the commanding officers of corps, with their colours veiled with crape, formed the cortege, which descended the Rue de Castiglione, turned to the right into the Rue de Rivoli, and so on by the Place de la Concorde. The chief mourners were Captain Magnan (the son) and Colonel Santerau, the son-in-law of the late marshal. Behind the hearse the charge was led by two troopers. Masters of ceremonies followed, bearing the staff, the sword, hat, epaulettes, and the insignia of seven orders, French and foreign, with which the late marshal was decorated. The hearse was surrounded by a battalion of the Paris Guards, their weapons under the left arm reversed, a score or so of old soldiers of the first Emperor, and at some distance the medallists of St. Helena. When the cortege approached the Esplanade of the Invalides it found the troops massed to the right and left while the hearse ascended alone through the space between the entrance, where the veterans of the Invalides were on duty. The remains were received at the chapel by the clergy, and a salute of thirteen guns on the Quay d'Orsay announced the commencement of the religious ceremony. The interior of the chapel was hung in black. On the shields which were suspended along the walls were inscribed the battles and combats in which the marshal had distinguished himself. These were Buzaco, Oloron, Arapiles (Salamanca), Victoria, Paris, Soissons, Algiers, Boua, &c. Marshals Vaillant and Bismarck, the Duke of Bassano, and a senator, were the pall-bearers; Generals Beville, De Goyon, and Toulougeon represented the Emperor; Duke Taohier and an equester the Empress; and Colonel Regon and a captain, Prince Napoleon. A good number of senators were also present, as well as several members of the family of the deceased. Twelve sub-officers of the Imperial Guard and eight of the line kept guard round the coffin. General de Lowenstein, governor of the Invalides, being unable to attend, was represented by General de Brancion. The Abbe Largentier, parish priest of St. Louis d'Antin, officiated. When the Archbishop of Paris pronounced the last benediction the coffin was removed from the catafalque, and placed again on the hearse, which returned to the esplanade. It drew up in front of the railway, when Marshal Regnaud took the command, and marched slowly at the head of his staff in front of the hearse, which he saluted. The troops marched past. The body was then placed on another hearse, and proceeded to the *rend point* of Outebois, escorted by detachments of Hussars and Chasseurs, who were at that spot relieved by a detachment of the 1st Regiment of Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, who had come in from St. Germain-en-Laye. In the cemetery of that town the remains are interred.

AUSTRIA.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* writes, that for some time it has been observed that the Archduke Rodolph, the heir apparent to the Austrian throne, has lost much of his fresh colour and healthy appearance, but the cause of the change in the child's health is only now known to the public. A few days ago, Dr. Loeschner, a physician in whom the Emperor and Empress have great confidence, was summoned from Prague, and, after having carefully examined the little patient, recommended temporary change of air, and a total change in the system of education. The Archduke, who is not seven years of age, was not long ago taken out of the hands of his aunts, or governess, and entrusted to the care of General Count Gondrecourt, who lost no time in beginning to give the child such an education "as would speedily make a man of him." The little boy was practically taught five languages at once and the same time by means of attendants of five different nationalities; he was regularly drilled, and every now and then he was awakened in the night in order that he might learn to have his wits about him. The results of such an absurd system of education were soon apparent, and the heir to the Austrian throne is now as frail for the benefit of his health. General Count Gondrecourt, who knows how to handle a brigade as well as any man in the service, has got leave of absence, and the chances are that he will soon cease to be a boy, or tutor, to the Emperor's only son.

AMERICA.

Washington despatches report that the grand jury in that city have found a true bill of indictment for treason against Mr. Jefferson Davis, and that he will be arraigned for trial as soon as the attendance of the witnesses against him can be secured.

Ex-Confederate Secretary of War Seddon, ex-Governor Letcher, of Virginia, and Judge Campbell have been arrested at their homes in Virginia. Messrs Seddon and Campbell are confined on board gunboats in the James. General Letcher has been brought to Washington and consigned to Old Capital Prison.

It is rumoured, both in Washington and Richmond, that General Lee has been indicted for treason, and will be speedily placed under arrest.

A grand review of a portion of the army of the Potomac took place at Washington on the 23rd ult. The troops present numbered about 75,000 men. The Washington despatch of the Associated Press says:—

"The troops, as they moved along Pennsylvania Avenue, presented a grand appearance, all arms of the service being represented in full force. The occasional insertion of a body of Zouaves served to relieve the sameness. The dark and light blue uniforms gave fine effect to the spectacle, looking up the broad avenue. There was a continuous moving line, as far as the eye could reach, of national, state, division, brigade, regiment, and other flags. Some of them were new, their stars of gold leaf glittering in the sun, and these contrasted strongly with the flags borne in the procession, tattered in battle, or mere shreds. Other flags were thickly covered with the names and dates of battle-fields where victories were won by these veterans. The flagstaffs were decorated with flowers, and very many bouquets hung from the muzzles of muskets. The troops, as to dress, did not present a war-worn appearance. They were well and cleanly clad, and their fine marching elicited praise from every tongue. As the corps and division passed in review before the President and General Grant, their commanders severally left the column and took seats on the platform. The judges of courts, chiefs of Government bureaus, and other public officials, were similarly accommodated. The crowd in that part of the city was extremely dense, it being the main portion of attraction. The troops

occupied six hours in the review, from nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon. In the military phrase, the step was taken from the Capitol to 17th-street, from which the various organizations proceeded on the march to their quarters. The review is spoken of as the greatest that has taken place on this continent. From the portico of the department to-day the flag of the Treasury Guards was taken down by the spur of Booth, the assassin. A placard appended to this fact, and it attracted much attention. Lieutenant Grant, accompanied by an orderly only, rode on Pennsylvania Avenue this evening. The crowds of people on the sidewalks cheered him, and he lifted his hat in return for the cheers. Thousands of strangers left the city after the review, places will be supplied by at least an equal number to witness the review of Sherman's army to-morrow. So large is the number of visitors from a distance that many are unable to find accommodations."

According to the *Philadelphia Enquirer* Davis is manacled ankles, the connecting chain being three feet long. He is manacled, and it became necessary to throw him down him until the irons were clinched. The *Herald* denies this, and says that Davis is confined in a casemate, and two rooms. A guard is with him constantly, but he is not nor are his movements within the casemate restricted. Colonel Pritchard has presented to the War Department a waterproof cloak and shawl in which his men informed was disguised when captured. The cloak was worn as a shawl drawn hood fashion over his head.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH GAROTT.

At the Chesterfield Police-court, on Monday morning, before B. White, mayor, Dr. Black, and Mr. G. Heathcote, two looking fellows, named Walter White, alias "Bodney," William Hood, collier, was charged with violently assaulting Mr. J. E. Roberts, postmaster, Chesterfield, a stout five feet three inches high. The desperate encounter best explained by the evidence of Mr. Roberts, who resided at Spital, about a mile from Chesterfield, and left field post-office about half-past ten on Saturday night. I reached the Horse Croft about five minutes. I had a little boy with me carrying a parcel. When in the middle of the field I heard footsteps behind me, and White put his arm round my neck to garrote me. He got down with my fist. I had no weapon. I got my chest and got hold of his throat with both hands. The soner came up and knocked me off him, and he gave me the head from the effect of which I fell. I immediately had a struggle with the prisoner Hood. I then had him of me, and they both attacked me. I felt in my pocket but I had only a small sixpenny one. I threatened to hit them if they came at me again. I received a blow on the forehead and the scorch on the face during the encounter as me again and I dragged them both to the ground on the top of me and forced his knee into my throat, weight, which rendered me powerless. I was kept in while White ransacked my pockets, and they tore after they had done this they gave me about twenty or with their fists, and Hood took a running kick at me and received the blow on my shoulder. They did not stop the time. The boy ran away after Hood had had his head he left his cap. The prisoners then ran away, and I followed towards the town. They stopped short and came at me. I turned towards home and they escaped. I had left at the post-office, and had not a single article upon my pocket-knife which they took. In about half an hour Chesterfield and gave information to the Chesterfield boy Spooner identified White, but could not positively Hood. Henry Beakill saw White and a man like Hood, quarter of an hour before the robbery. White was at the town at twelve o'clock, Hood at his father's o'clock on Sunday morning. Prisoners were committed at the next Derby Assizes. They were afterwards stealing 2s. from a little boy, a short distance from place on the same night, and they were committed to also.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES WATERTON. THE NATURAL remains of the late Squire Waterton, the naturalist whose death was recorded a week ago, were interred in Walton-park with much pomp and ceremony. before stated, had been selected by the acquire himself, death, and is situated beneath the gnarled branches of an oak, on the banks of the lake which he loved close proximity to the spot where occurred the fall death was at least accelerated, if not produced. This marked by a rude wooden cross. Mr. Waterton, as was an eminent member of the Roman Catholic Church than fourteen priests took part at his burial. Mass o'clock in the morning, being chanted by the Bishop who was assisted by Canon Walker, of Scarborough, of Leeds, and Rev. G. Waterton, of Durham College, ceremony did not terminate until after twelve o'clock, cortège embarked in boats at the ancient port, existed when the place was stormed by Cromwell, the boats were pulled across the water by ropes. The were the priests and acolytes chanting the funeral next, the coffin on a catafalque; following was the taining the family, the chief of whom were Mr. Edgar who were the step of one of the numerous offices he Pope; and Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Edmondstone. Two other boats, containing friends of the family, a central ones. The tenantry went by land. All draped in black, and all the mourners held wax hands. After the funeral, which was witnessed from the lake by several hundreds of people who had orders of admission, eighty-three poor people—six to the age of the acquire—had a *chère distributive* gates. There is a very characteristic anecdote of the acquire. He is said to have had no great partiality merston. When a gentleman, a short time back him on his good health, "Yes," he is reported to have replied, "I will run, jump, or fight Lord Palmerston he likes." The stories current of his having been own gardener are numerous and well authenticated than the acquire enjoyed these mistakes.

GENTLEMEN ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by a button, by insisting upon having a year's trousers BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come at the rate of five per minute. Patentees' Depot, 4 street, W.C. (Advertisement.)

NO HOUSE COMPLETES without a **WILLOOX AND CO. MACHINE**—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and adapted to fulfill all the requirements of a perfect family specter free on application, at 135, Regent-street. (Advertisement.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A GOOD HAT.—A hat is the index and condition of the wearer, a proof of taste and refinement shows that a man has a proper respect for the progress and improvement in the customs of civilized society. Good half-price hats are unequalled in quality and being in every variety, are suitable to all comers. To find it would be well to repeat frequently that Walker's No. 49, Crawford-street (corner of Seymour-place), Manchester. (Advertisement.)



Y CUP (17TH CENTURY.)

know that if they are refractory they are con-

rules to look these young ladies up?—It was there; Mr. Wagner, I believe drew the rules. was never in charge of such an establishment his girl (Broadbridge) left three weeks ago. I did not get her father's or mother's consent. my own orders.

locked up till her mother demanded her? ly troublesome and said she wished to go

her up. What did she do?—One thing was of swearing nearly the whole of the time she n't tell you how often she had been imprisoned probably. I did not state when I applied on cases that the annoyance took place on the first named Page an inmate, but I do not know along to defendant from a window. I come calling out in a vulgar and annoying manner, rage. I did not hear any bad language on not know that I have locked Broadbridge up consent; her mother entrusted her to me sixteen and seventeen. This penitentiary is No doubt we house some bad characters there. with those bad characters. She had fallen; her She did not go to confession.

ditioned the witness to be careful as to what Did she mean to represent that the mother that the girl had fallen? mean to say is that her mother told me she a reformatory. I put her with prostitutes in he was friendly with an inmate named Sarah prison" by my own orders.

she jumped out of the window, and sat on oushouses. I may have accused Sarah Page ge to leave the Home.

you imprisoned Sarah Page for?—She refused no bars to the windows. She broke the lock out that way. She went back again to com- ing. I put her back.

ere is not any force used when these young p. I walk into the room, and they walk after o my locking them in.

se to address the bench, and the third inoppor- k place from the same noisy animal, every one (the magistrates) being convulsed with ch allowed Mr. Hutchinson's objections that substantiated under the summons for the 24th, taking place in Russell-street; also the case of 28th, must be dismissed. Mr. Hutchinson at no case had been proved against the two re- but the bench held to the contrary.

bridge were called to exonerate each other. aving been twice convicted of felony, and once at the workhouse. Both said they had merely ken to the girl who had beckoned to them. e only knew Delves from seeing her in the d that if the refractory inmates did not walk room, other girls carried them

d over in their own recognisances for six

WHIT-MONDAY VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

If Brighton had once more had its Easter-Monday, with its thousands of volunteers crowding its esplanade and streets, Panbanger has this year had its Whit-Monday, with its hundreds spreading out over the charming park of Earl Cowper, pointing to that largest oak in the kingdom that grows there, admiring the splendour of its scenery, traversing its hills and dales, starting its leopards, frightening its rabbits almost to death, and sending its birds flying wildly from that "villanous salpetre" innocent of shot, and fighting that bloodless battle against an imaginary enemy, whose movements it would puzzle the wisest and best of our military men to unravel or understand.

But, to begin at the beginning, we must state that the occasion of this gathering was the annual inspection of the Hertfordshire Volunteers; and so the men forming the 1st and 2nd Hertford, the Wars, the Bishop's Stortford, the Royston, the Hitchin, the Waltham, and the Cheshunt, constituting the 2nd Herts Administrative Battalion, albeit dressed in coats of many colours, under the command of Earl Cowper, put in an early and respectable appearance, numbering probably over 1,000. They were followed by the London Rifle Brigade, under Colonel Warde and Major Alderman Rose; the Queen's Westminsters, under Lord Grosvenor and Lieutenant Gerald Fitzgerald; the St. George's, under Lieut. Colonel Lindsay; and the North Middlesex, under Captain Browne and Captain and Adjutant Maule, the whole constituting a force of something under 2,000.

The troops on the ground, Colonel Erskine, inspector general of volunteers, and Colonel Ibbotson, with Captain Bax as aide de camp, accompanied by Colonel Somerset, who much regretted he had not his corps on the ground that he might work and be worked, soon made their appearance, and the inspection of the Herts corps was proceeded with, apparently to the satisfaction of the inspector

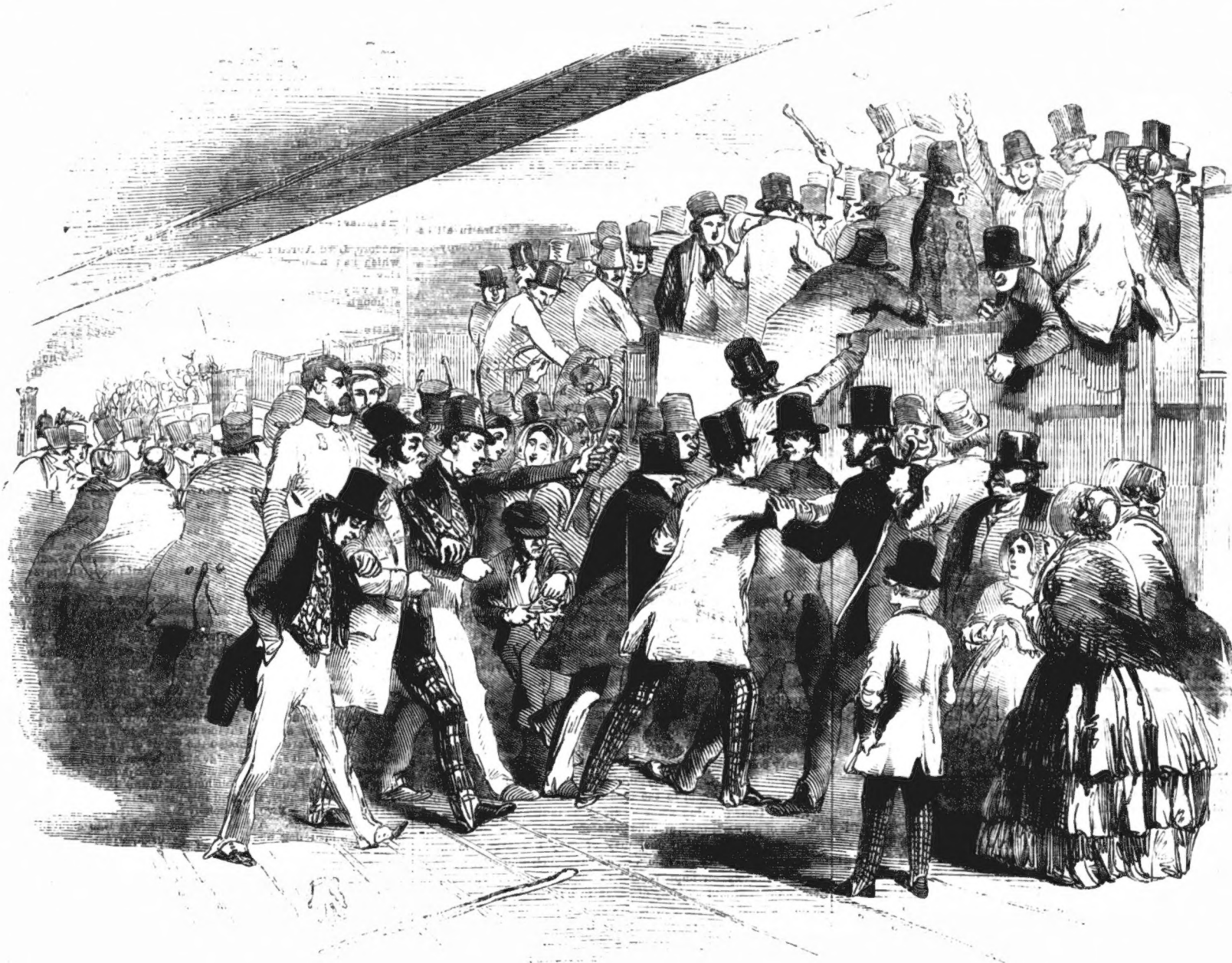


GLADIATEUR, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

general. Then came the business of brigading, when the operation of putting to the rout small boys and unwieldy but useful agricultural labourers commenced, and it became apparent that in the deep recesses of the charming country about Panbanger the truths and mysteries of the volunteer movement have not yet found their way, for to the countryman—that is, the true unmistakable becollie, with a broad mouth, a broad felt hat, a broad shoulder, and a broader dialect—every man who carries a gun and is not a sportsman or a gamekeeper ought to be a soldier, and every soldier ought to be dressed in a red coat, and hence when the solid line, wearing a grey or dark green uniform advanced to take a position our agriculturists comforted themselves, whilst continuing to bask in the sunshine, with the announcement of their spokesman, that "there be no cause to move, them bea'n't soldiers," till the unflinching step of the volunteers showed them that if they did not walk away they must be walked over, and then off they started with that broad grin upon their faces which is past description, wondering and

known as "The soldier's tear," and "I'm ninety-five." The march past was over before five, and there was no train home till eight. What was to be done? Earl Cowper had deposited under trees at the point nearest the rendezvous and the refreshment tents many barrels of strong home-brewed for the relief of the tired and thirsty volunteers, but even slaking the thirst is, though a refreshing entertainment, one that may not be persisted in too long with impunity, and so the bands came to the rescue and played for nearly three hours dance music, and soon the Hertfordshire maidens were revelling in the dance with the volunteers, and those who had shortly before wished to leave now lingered and closed their ears to the sound of the bugle and the order to fall in.

A young man named Lawson, son of a working silversmith of Oxford, is the winner in the Dublin lottery of the ex-Lady Mayoresse's state chariot, horses, and harness, value 400 guineas.



RETURNING FROM THE DERBY.—THE EPSOM STATION. (See page 818.)

ERY UPON THE BANK OF IRELAND.—It transpired Friday week that a forgery upon the Bank of £8,000 had been attempted. The dis- good deal of sensation from the fact that the t of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. A cheque, een drawn by Sir Robert Peel, was forwarded previous Monday. But the amount being so of fraud was suggested, and it was thought ate by telegraph with the right hon. baronet. hat the signature was a forgery. The Dublin Times says, "I have ascertained at the bank following particulars:—The person accused of a clerk in the bank of fifteen years' stand- an excellent character, and who was never with any irregularity, or even suspected. ave of absence a few days before the forgery and proceeded to London, having abstracted from the book of some other customer of the heque he filled up for the sum of £8,000, draw- me of Sir Robert Peel, and dating it about a avoid suspicion. It was then passed, as if in iness, by a person whom the absconding clerk in, and introduced as a customer. From the he cheque was forwarded for collection to the here. It was referred to the secretary, who, Sir Robert Peel's account, found that the num- onsecutive, or nearly so. On making this dis- am was sent to Sir Robert Peel, and thus was attempt at fraud as artful as it was daring. ger is about one of the last persons in Dublin suspected of such a crime."

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Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

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T. J. S.—You had better consult the "Golden Book," price 4d., post-free. It contains all the necessary rules for the cure or prevention of indigestion, and can be obtained from Mr. Walter, No. 5, Stratford-place, East-India-square, by sending him four postage-stamps. The list of malaises, diseases, affections, &c., for which it suggests cures or remedies, are thus alphabetically arranged:—Acidness, ague, apoplexy, asthma, atrophy, scurvy, bilious disorders, bleeding at the nose, brain fever, back spots on the skin, bad breath (rue), taunts and blushing (from nervousness), bronchitis (diseases of), boils, bowels (diseases of), black specks before the eyes, breath (shortness of), &c., and so on throughout the alphabet.
ISSUED ONE.—If you can indeed prove all you assert, you have excellent grounds for an action. You had better consult a solicitor. See answer to M. N.

G. H.—In writing to consult a solicitor on an ordinary matter, you should enclose him a post-office order for the usual fee of six shillings and eightpence; and if you forward any papers for him to look over, you should send him sufficient postage-stamps to frank their return.

M. N.—Send us your address, and we will recommend you a London solicitor practising in the Divorce Court.

EMMA L.—Kensington Gardens include an area of about 850 acres.

Q. M. N.—The Great Northern Railway was opened in 1825.

TOM TUG.—Mr. W. Harrison made his first appearance on the stage at Covent Garden Theatre in Moore's opera of "Hector," or, The Love Pilgrim, May 2nd, 1833.

NOVICE.—Sitting in Banco represent four judges of each court; sitting during term, and sometimes two or three days after term.

ARIEL.—We believe the first baroque which Mr. Byron wrote for the Grand Theatre was called "Richard of the Lion Heart."

A. V.—Admiral Sir J. O. Ross, the Arctic voyager, died April 3, 1862. He was then in his sixty-second year.

LIBERAL.—St. Albans was distinguished for bribery in 1852.

Q. Y.—There were five Sundays in a February in 1852. The same peculiarity of the calendar will occur in 1869.

CONSTANT SEA.—Mr. Tyrone Power was lost in the President steam ship on the voyage from New York on or about the 13th March, 1841. Mr. Elton was drowned when the Pogoda was wrecked off the Northumberland coast, July 18th, 1813.

TELEGRAPH.—We are not aware of the fact; but St. Martin's Church was attacked by lightning May 1, 1862.

STOCK.—The interest on the three and-a-half per cent. was reduced to three per cent. by an Act passed in 1847.

V. B.—The height of the late Mr. William Don was six feet seven inches.

EMIGRANT.—The distance from the Land's End to Melbourne (11,819 miles) by the Cape of Good Hope is less than by Cape Horn, the isthmus of Suez, or the Isthmus of Panama.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D. D.		A. M.	P. M.
10	Crystal Palace, Sydenham, opened, 1854	2 33	2 53
11	Trinity Sunday	3 10	3 30
12	Malta taken by the English, 1798	3 49	4 8
13	Battle of Marengo, 1800	4 27	4 48
14	Sun rises 5h. 45m.; sets, 8h. 16m.	5 11	5 34
15	Trinity Term ends	5 57	6 22
16	Duke of Marlborough died, 1722	6 41	7 16

Moon's Changes.—Last quarter, 16th, 11h. 53m. a.m.
Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. Gen. 1; Matt. 3. AFTERNOON. Gen. 18; 1 John 5.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Trinity Sunday, the first Sunday after Whit Sunday, observed in honour of the Holy Trinity. First enjoined in the Council of Arles, in 325.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1865.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

ALTHOUGH parliament may not be dissolved for a month or six weeks, it may be said that the general election has begun. The country is alive with the stir of preparation, while in some constituencies members are already confessing defeat by retirement, and in others the choice of the electors is as really determined as it will have been by next August. It is probable that we shall see an unusual number of new faces in the next House of Commons. A considerable proportion of members have resolved not to offer themselves for re-election, and their places as candidates are filled by persons new to public life. Each of the great parties goes to the country under certain obvious disadvantages. Mr. Disraeli's address to the electors of Buckinghamshire, clever as it was, not only failed to show any specific reason why voters should rally round Lord Derby's flag, but even went far to prove

that the objects of the Conservative party may be attained under a Ministry professedly Liberal. A large number of Conservative candidates find it prudent to declare that they greatly admire Lord Palmerston, and will offer no personal or factional opposition to his Government; and the few party divisions that have taken place in the House of Commons during the last three or four years have shown how powerful to restrain the action of their party is the diffused public feeling which makes professions of this kind politic on the part of Conservative candidates. But this state of things—the partial acceptability of Lord Palmerston to the Tory party—is at the same time a source of Liberal weakness. We cannot, indeed, conjecture how many Liberal electors are likely to follow Mr. Bright's advice and act on the principle that Lord Palmerston's removal from power is a necessary preliminary to the success of reform legislation. It may be that where Whigs of Mr. Lowe's school are not actively opposed by more thorough reformers, a few advanced Liberals in the constituencies, under the influence of a feeling of discouragement, will refrain from taking the useful part they have hitherto done for the sake of returning men so moderate as to be almost neutral. But, as a rule, we fancy that when the contest becomes exciting, few who have been accustomed to vote will be able to stand idly by and let in a Tory. There is one disadvantage which befalls the Liberal cause, from which the Conservatives are almost, if not entirely, free. We do not find Tories opposing one another in a contest for the same seat when a Liberal candidate is in the field with a chance of carrying off the prize. Whether it is that their candidates have a better sense of duty to a cause, or that the party generally is more amenable to discipline, we certainly do not see them losing seats through mere personal rivalry or a selfish incapacity to estimate the chances of a poll, or on account of differences on minute points of political faith. It is to be feared that if an improved feeling should not spring up both on the part of constituencies and candidates within the next few weeks, we shall see, in more than one or two constituencies, a repetition of the culpable folly which has for a while cost the Liberal party one of the seats for Brighton.

The protectionists of the stage have made another attempt to put down what they call stage plays at the Alhambra and similar places of public resort. The last decision of Mr. Tyrwhitt in their favour having been overruled by the Middlesex bench of magistrates, who unwisely refused even to submit a case to a superior court, Mr. Horace Wigan and his brother managers again summoned Mr. Strange before the tribunal in Marlborough-street. There is nothing that we knew to prevent this process being repeated four times a year, if Mr. Tyrwhitt and the quarter sessions were equally obstinate, for the pertinacity of the monopolists admits of no doubt. Happily, the police magistrate, though sorely aggrieved by the summary reversal of his judgment, has this time dismissed the summons, intimating that his opinion is unchanged, but offering to draw up a case for the determination of a superior court. This was, no doubt, the proper course to adopt, and as the opponents of free trade in theatres have agreed to the final arbitrament of the Common Pleas, a feud of long standing is likely to be settled at last. The immediate subject of dispute is whether a "ballet divertissement" is a legitimate performance under a common license for music and dancing, or whether it is such a theatrical representation as requires a special license from the Lord Chamberlain. As to the visible features of the entertainment at the Alhambra there is really no controversy. Mr. Wigan deposes—and many of our readers may be able to test the accuracy of his description—that the interior of the Alhambra is fitted up like a theatre in all essential respects, except that tables for refreshment occupy the area of the pit. "There were a proscenium and the plan of a stage. There was a scene painted to represent an Oriental landscape, and other scenes were painted to represent rocks." A number of women, dressed as ballet-dancers, performed figures on the stage, with mimic postures in their hands. No story was represented, this being the technical distinction between a "ballet divertissement" and a ballet; but the effect could not have been produced without "stage accessories." Mr. Donne being called as a witness, did not hesitate to designate the exhibition thus described as "a ballet and an entertainment of the stage." For most of us the subtle law questions have very little interest, except so far as they involve a much broader and more practical question. Is there or is there not an arbitrary restriction on innocent recreation? Are we free to enjoy ourselves as we please, or is the State to decide what kind of spectacle Londoners should patronize? If the position of Mr. Wigan and his friends is good in law, not only must persons who wish to see acting go to one or other of the "theatres," but persons who wish for a more varied entertainment such as the Alhambra furnishes, cannot gratify their fancy at all. Why do Englishmen who seldom visit the inside of a London theatre constantly frequent those of foreign capitals, unless because they pay less for admission, see better acting, and suffer less discomfort? Unless the taste for scenic representations were thus suppressed and gratified in other ways, the present licensed theatres would no more contain the theatre-going population of London than the old patent theatres when their privileges were invaded by the very establishments which now resent competition. But, in the second place, we must admit and deal with the fact that a new demand has grown up. It is not a passion for the drama, but a desire to escape from the monotony of domestic life, and a craving for pleasurable excitement, with free and easy conversation, that draws vast audiences to the Alhambra and the music-halls. If everything histrionic were forbidden there, it would not drive them to the theatres, but would only cut off one source of their evening amusement. The indisposition to sit out the acts of a formal play, and the preference of a restaurant, concert-room, and theatre all in one, may or may not argue aesthetic degeneracy, but they indicate a want that must and will be supplied. Probably an improvement in theatres and an increase in their number would sensibly diminish it, but it represents a change in our national habits which is too strong for official regulations. The truth is that the function of the Lord Chamberlain in respect of theatres is highly anomalous, and ought to be obsolete. There is no conceivable reason why in these days the drama should be dependent on the Court, or why the Lord Chamberlain should exercise in the neighbourhood of Royal residences a jurisdiction which elsewhere belongs to the magistrates.

The Court.

On Friday, June 2, the Princess of Wales gave birth to a second son. The following bulletin was issued on Monday:—
"Marlborough House, June 5, 9 30 a.m.
"Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales is progressing as favourably as possible, and the infant prince is perfectly well."
"ARTHUR FARRE, M.D."
"EDW. H. SIEVEKING, M.D."

On Saturday morning the intelligence of this event was communicated to the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, by the Secretary of State for the Home Department, in the subjoined letter:—
"Whitehall, June 3.
"My Lord,—I have the honour to inform your lordship that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was safely delivered of a prince this morning at 11 18 a.m., at Marlborough House.
"I have the honour to be your obedient servant,
"G. GALT."

"The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London."
The accouchement of the Princess of Wales, it was understood, was not anticipated till the end of the present month, and although the event, as in the case of Prince Albert Victor, occurred somewhat prematurely, the health of the young prince is as satisfactory as could be desired. On Friday afternoon week the Princess of Wales was sufficiently well to attend a concert at St. James's Hall given by M. Halls, but on returning to Marlborough House, her royal highness did not join the dinner party given by the prince and princess to a distinguished circle. Later in the evening the medical attendants were summoned, and after a brief period her royal highness became the mother of a second prince. Early on Saturday morning telegrams were sent to Balmoral apprising the Queen and royal family of the happy event, and information was also transmitted by similar means to the Danish Court at Copenhagen. Congratulatory replies were received soon afterwards.

Sporting.

TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

It may possibly be considered by the uninitiated that the terms so often applied of late years to the "settling" at Tattersall's, such for instance as "good," "easy," &c., have become, from frequent use, stereotyped. But without fear of incurring so dull a charge, we may safely say that a more satisfactory "squaring" of accounts over the Epsom Summer Meeting has not been known for at least thirty years. Indeed, both bookmakers and backers assured us that they never remembered having seen so large a flow of money without the semblance of any difficulty or even effort on the part of those who were "drawn." One large and influential bookmaker informed us that of £40,000 which he had to receive, he had at the close of business netted £38,000 of it, and that the next day he expected to realize the full amount. We heard no instances of gentlemen or professional sakers for "time;" on the contrary, payers and receivers were equally ready and anxious to have the magic "cross" affixed to their names in the "books." There was no legitimate attempt at betting, for although Gladiateur was mentioned for the Great Prize of Paris, we heard no marketable price in connexion with his name. General Peel had the call of everything to lie dormant until within a few days of the grand event, when there will doubtless be some very spirited speculation thereon.

AQUATICS.

SAILING MATCH.—The members of the Royal Thames Yacht Club had their first regatta on Saturday for two handsome pieces of plate, value £100 and £50, for first and second boats. The following started:—First class, exceeding 35 tons: Vindex, 45, London, Mr. Andrew Duncan; Christabel, 52, London, Mr. Arthur O. Kennard; Glance, 36, London, Mr. Edward Johnson; Audax, 62, London, Mr. John H. Johnson; Volante, 60, Mr. Herbert O. Mandaley; half minute time per ton for difference of tonnage. The course was from Erith to Southend and back. The noble Commodore, Lord Alfred Paget, started the race from the Eagle steamer, which had been chartered by the club, at twelve minutes past eleven. They all swung round very smartly, but the race down was very tedious, owing to there being but very little wind, although that little, being mainly from the eastward, was very favourable. The Volante took the lead and held it to the Hope, where the Glance went in front and first rounded at Southend at ten minutes past three, nearly half a minute ahead of the Vindex, the Volante being third in two minutes afterwards. The Vindex immediately afterwards went to windward of her, and on the way up to Erith the Christabel passed the Glance and went, board after board, with the Vindex. The Vindex arrived first at Erith at twenty minutes past seven with the Christabel by her side; but the Glance was the winner of the first prize, as she came in only two minutes and a half astern of the Vindex, and, therefore, with her time allowance, won by two minutes. The Vindex was entitled to the second prize.

FRENCH VIEW OF THE DERBY.—Amongst the paragraphs of news in the *Debat* we find the following:—"Our horses have achieved a new victory in England of the highest interest to all who from national considerations have a regard for the future of the French turf. On Wednesday the Derby was won at Epsom by Count Lagrange's Gladiateur (by Monarque and Miss Gladiateur), which on the 24th of June had already obtained an important prize—the Two Thousand Guineas. He easily defeated the second horse, Christmas Carol, and Eitham, an outsider, upon whom no one had counted. This brilliant success places the stable of Count Lagrange in the first rank amongst those, even on the other side of the Channel, and makes his horse the favourite for the Great Prize of Paris. Received with but little sympathy on the ground by the populace, but loudly applauded by true gentlemen, this victory has been feted at Paris by numerous sympathetic manifestations, which are well deserved by the man who, one of the first, has had the energy to contest with his horses the best appointed stables of the three kingdoms, and has had the signal honour of once more proving to them that they are not invincible. The following evening the Jockey Club at Paris illuminated the whole of its grand balcony, at the angle of which stands in large and brilliant letters, upon a white ground, the name of 'Gladiateur.' The Sporting Club did the same, and several public establishments in the Boulevard, amongst others the Cafe Helier, imitated this patriotic example."

HYDROPHOBIA.—Two melancholy cases of hydrophobia have just occurred at Lyons. A man residing in the Rue Bouteille was bitten by a mad dog about six weeks back, when remedies were applied, and all danger was supposed to have ceased. The day before yesterday he called on an apothecary and complained that he was suffering from fever. A calming potion was administered to him in the shop, but at the moment he carried it to his lips a convulsive fit came on, accompanied by foaming at the mouth. The poor man, who was a ware of his state, cried out, "Keep away, or I shall bite you," and the assistant had only just time to escape and shut the door on the unfortunate gentleman. The aid of the police was then obtained, and, after a violent struggle, the man being secured, was enveloped in a blanket and removed to the hospital, where he lies in a hopeless state. A railway servant named Guillet has just died at the Lyons Hospital from the same dreadful malady, which he contracted while playing with a favourite dog.

HER MAJESTY'S.—On Monday night was given the performance of "Linda di Chamouni," and although the was fine enough to tempt all sorts of people away from yet such was the attraction wielded by the magic name of M. Murka that Her Majesty's Theatre was crowded to excess part. Mlle. de Murka was received throughout the op overwhelming applause. She was recalled after each act, "air with variations," by Heinrich Proch, at the end, created a greater furor than before, the audience being almost fr their delight with the marvels displayed by the singer variation; the novel performance, indeed, constituting a v which perhaps never was surpassed, and certainly in our t been very rarely equalled. But Mlle. de Murka does not for her effects on the wonders of her execution and the ex compass of her voice, which soars into the highest reg human organ. Her acting is truthful, intense, and beauti has every variety of passion and pathos at command, appearance is fascinating to a degree. With such reco nne it is not surprising that, as more than one of the London have asserted, she should "have taken London by storm." Gardoni, on Monday night, took the place of Signor O the part of Carlos, and we need hardly say how greatl formance benefited by the change. The music of Carlos is suited to Signor Gardoni, who shows to best advantage which do not require much force; tenderness and expres more consonant to his instincts and powers than energy of Signor Gardoni, in short, is not a *tenore robusto*, but a *ten school of Rubini and Mario*. Of the other performers we no more than that they acquitted themselves to the best abilities.

COVENT GARDEN.—At the Royal Italian Opera, day night, the "Huguenots" was given for the second season, and attracted a full audience. There is no do Mlle. Pauline Lucas has many admirers, and that the Valentine is well adapted to her voice, which has po quality if it lacks education and refinement. Moreover, far from being a trained actress, she has moments of res and passion, and now and then rouses the audience to a akin to transport. A more charming Valentine in lo Mlle. Lucas it would be difficult to find. Of the othe Signor Mario alone is entitled to unqualified praise, and singing put to shame the singing of everybody else in Herr Schmidt, who plays Marcel, has a fine voice, and mable use of it, but he is only an indifferent actor. Mlle. l sings the music of Marguerite with much brilliancy, and makes an admirable St. Bris. Both these artists are f Majesty's Theatre. No work is put on the stage at Coven with greater splendour and completeness than the "Hu and in this respect indeed the management is entitled to commendation.

RAYMARKE.—Mr. Suter's opera, "The Miller's I in which that charming little actress, Miss Louisa Keoley, Wheatley, the miller's daughter, appears to so much a gals more favour than ever. Mr. Brad, as Alphonse O adventurer, admirably sustained his part, and the same said with regard to the whole cast. Mr. Oxenford's new in three acts, "Brother Sam," in which Mr. Sothern has his well-earned and deserved popularity, follows. T mances on Monday evening were quite equal, if not supe first representation; and the house, which was crowd part, was kept in a roar of laughter throughout the w The performances concluded with Planche's revived com the "Green-eyed Monster," in which the other memb company took parts, the whole giving that general a which invariably attends the productions at this theatre.

PRINCESS'S.—No novelty has been required here to large holiday audience. The two slight pieces, "Hea and Fiddle-strings," and "An Ample Apology," served a and epilogue to the apparently inexhaustible attractive na-Pogue." The house was well filled on Monday, and creation of Mr. Bonicant's rare skill and fancy was folli an earnest attention which was only interrupted by the manifestations of the interest or the amusement which it The mingled drollery and pathos of the dialogue, the str the incidents, and the admirable scenery in this new repr of Irish life and character, held the audience in a state o excitement and good humour.

OLYMPIO.—Mr. Horace Wigan retained for Whit-M plays which have been acted here for many nights to house. "The Hidden Hand," as adapted from "L'A once more brought out, and was received as ardently night since its first production on the Olympic boards in last; and "High Life Below Stairs" secured another n talion for the careful acting which has characterized it a welcomed here at Easter. The drama was withdrawn fr Shakespeare's comedy of "Twelfth Night" on Wednesday

ADELPHI.—Taking advantage of the presence in Dr. Mosenthal, of Vienna, the distinguished author of "Benjamin Webster determined on the revival of the Saturday evening, when the house was crowded, and M as the heroine, again won general plaudits, and, as in tim was repeatedly honoured by calls before the curtain. C evening "Leah" was repeated, and there was again house. Leah was never played better. So complete wonderful powers of Miss Selman surprise, enchant, the audience that even the slightest intonation of *tragedienne* was most distinctly heard. The applause w enthusiastic that at the close of each act it was regar and to treated. "Leah" was preceded by the "Irish T followed by the "Steeple Chase," in which Paul B greeted with tremendous applause.

BRITANNIA.—A new drama, called "The Victim o or, Humble Origin," which is well put upon the stage, w on Monday. The plot turns upon the true love of a daughter for the son of a landed gentleman, the course o usual, certainly does not "run smooth." In consequ hatred of a woman who has some wrongs of her mother upon the merchant and his family, and of a rejected lov cant's daughter is hunted nearly to death. Her father in his bed, and some harsh words of hers, used upon the his refusing to allow her to marry the man of her cho statements made by her during sleep-walking, and whi is in a half-frenzied state, lead to her trial and convic murder; and it is only at the foot of the gallows that by an accident to the real murderer, who is thus brou her crime and save the innocent. There is some v acting between the merchant (Mr. Parry), his daught Miles), her brother (Mr. Reynolds), and the murder (Morion); and these passages brought down the loud a applause of the audience. The trial in court, with counsel, evidence, and summing up, was also much re the way in which the piece was received seems to pro successful run. There was also a new burlesque, "Wishing Cap," which is full of fun, just suited for audience. The principal parts in this were well susta Lana (always the first favourite on these boards), M Cassa, the droll Mr. Bigwood, Mr. Harding, and some o wind-up of this part of the entertainment was a magn by Mr. Rogers, representing the Enchanted Garden.

The Court.

The Princess of Wales gave birth to a second child on Monday:—

"Marlborough House, June 5, 9 30 a.m.
The Princess of Wales is progressing as well as the infant prince is perfectly well.

"ARTHUR PARKER, M.D.
"EDW. H. SIEVEKING, M.D."

The intelligence of this event was communicated to the Mansion House, by the Lord Mayor, in the afternoon.

"Whitehall, June 3.
The honour to inform your lordship that her Grace the Princess of Wales was safely delivered of a son at 1 18 a.m., at Marlborough House.

The honour to be your obedient servant,
"G. GERT."

The Lord Mayor of London.
The Princess of Wales, it was understood, at the end of the present month, and although the Prince of Wales is progressing as well as the infant prince is perfectly well.

On Friday afternoon week the Princess of Wales well attend a concert at St. James's Hall, on returning to Marlborough House, to join the dinner party given by the prince and princess at the evening of the evening.

The mother of a second prince. Early on the morning of the happy event, and information was communicated to the Danish Court at Copenhagen.

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Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—On Monday night was given the fourth performance of "Linda di Chamouni," and although the weather was fine enough to tempt all sorts of people away from theatres, yet such was the attraction wielded by the magic name of Mdlle de Muraka that Her Majesty's Theatre was crowded to excess in every part. Mdlle de Muraka was received throughout the opera with overwhelming applause. She was recalled after each act, and the "air with variations," by Heinrich Proch, at the end, created even a greater furor than before, the audience being almost frantic in their delight with the marvels displayed by the singer in each variation; the whole performance, indeed, constituting a vocal feat which perhaps never was surpassed, and certainly in our times has been very rarely equalled. But Mdlle de Muraka does not depend for her effects on the wonders of her execution and the exceptional compass of her voice, which soars into the highest register of the human organ. Her acting is truthful, intense, and beautiful; she has every variety of passion and pathos at command, and her appearance is fascinating to a degree. With such recommendations it is not surprising that, as more than one of the London journals have asserted, she should "have taken London by storm." Signor Gardoni, on Monday night, took the place of Signor Carrion in the part of Carlos, and we need hardly say how greatly the performance benefited by the change. The music of Carlos is exactly suited to Signor Gardoni, who shows to best advantage in parts which do not require much force; tenderness and expression being more consonant to his instincts and powers than energy or vigour. Signor Gardoni, in short, is not a *tenore robusto*, but a *tenore di scuola* of Rubini and Mario. Of the other performers we need say no more than that they acquitted themselves to the best of their abilities.

COVENT GARDEN.—At the Royal Italian Opera, on Monday night, the "Huguenots" was given for the second time this season, and attracted a full audience. There is no doubt that Mdlle. Pauline Lucos has many admirers, and that the music of Valentine is well adapted to her voice, which has power and quality if it lacks education and refinement. Moreover, if she is far from being a trained actress, she has moments of real feeling and passion, and now and then rouses the audience to something akin to transport. A more charming Valentine in looks than Mdlle. Lucos it would be difficult to find. Of the other characters Signor Mario alone is entitled to unqualified praise, and really his singing put to shame the singing of everybody else in the cast. Herr Schmidt, who plays Marcel, has a fine voice, and makes tolerable use of it, but he is only an indifferent actor. Mdlle Liebhafdt sings the music of Marguerite with much brilliancy, and M. Gasser makes an admirable St. Bris. Both these artists are from Her Majesty's Theatre. No work is put on the stage at Covent Garden with greater splendour and completeness than the "Huguenots," and in this respect indeed the management is entitled to unstinted commendation.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Suter's opera, "The Miller's Daughter," in which that charming little actress, Miss Louisa Kealey, as Diana Wheatley, the miller's daughter, appears to so much advantage, gave a more favour than ever. Mr. Brail, as Alphonsus Onizler, an adventurer, admirably sustained his part, and the same might be said with regard to the whole cast. Mr. Oxenford's new comedy, in three acts, "Brother Sam," in which Mr. Sothorn has added to his well-earned and deserved popularity, follows. The performance on Monday evening was quite equal, if not superior, to its first representation; and the house, which was crowded in every part, was kept in a roar of laughter throughout the whole piece. The performances concluded with Planche's revived comedietta of the "Green-eyed Monster," in which the other members of the company took parts, the whole giving that general satisfaction which invariably attends the productions at this theatre.

PRINCESS'S.—No novelty has been required here to attract a large holiday audience. The two slight pieces, "Heart-strings and Fiddle-strings," and "An Ample Apology," served as prologue and epilogue to the apparently inexhaustible attraction "Arragha-Pogue." The house was well filled on Monday, and this latest creation of Mr. Boucicault's rare skill and fancy was followed with an earnest attention which was only interrupted by the frequent manifestations of the interest or the amusement which it awakened. The mingled drollery and pathos of the dialogue, the strangeness of the incidents, and the admirable scenery in this new representation of Irish life and character, held the audience in a state of constant excitement and good humour.

OLYMPIA.—Mr. Horace Wigan retained for Whit-Monday the plays which have been acted here for many nights to a crowded house. "The Hidden Hand," as adapted from "L'Aloula," was once more brought out, and was received as ardently as on any night since its first production on the Olympic boards in November last; and "High Life Below Stairs" secured another night of reputation for the careful acting which has characterized it since it was welcomed here at Easter. The drama was withdrawn in favour of Shakespeare's comedy of "Twelfth Night" on Wednesday evening.

ADELPHI.—Taking advantage of the presence in London of Dr. Mowbray, of Vienna, the distinguished author of "Leah," Mr. Benjamin Webster determined on the revival of the play on Saturday evening, when the house was crowded, and Miss Bateman, as the heroine, again won general plaudits, and, as in times gone by, was repeatedly honoured by calls before the curtain. On Monday evening "Leah" was repeated, and there was again a crowded house. Leah was never played better. So completely did the wonderful powers of Miss Bateman surprise, enchain, and enthral the audience that even the slightest intonation of the great tragedienne was most distinctly heard. The applause was again so enthusiastic that at the close of each act it was regarded as a call, and so treated. "Leah" was preceded by the "Irish Tiger," and followed by the "Steeple Chase," in which Paul Bedford was greeted with tremendous applause.

BRITANNIA.—A new drama, called "The Victim of Delusion; or, Humble Origin," which is well put upon the stage, was produced on Monday. The plot turns upon the true love of a merchant's daughter for the son of a landed gentleman, the course of which, as usual, certainly does not "run smooth." In consequence of the hatred of a woman who has some wrongs of her mother to avenge upon the merchant and his family, and of a rejected lover, the merchant's daughter is hunted nearly to death. Her father is strangled in his bed, and some harsh words of hers, used upon the occasion of his refusing to allow her to marry the man of her choice, and some statements made by her during sleep-walking, and while her mind is in a half-frenzied state, lead to her trial and conviction for the murder; and it is only at the foot of the gallows that she is saved by an accident to the real murderer, who is thus brought to confess her crime and save the innocent. There is some very powerful acting between the merchant (Mr. Parry), his daughter (Miss S. Allen), her brother (Mr. Reynolds), and the murderer (Mrs. W. Morris); and these passages brought down the loud and deserved applause of the audience. The trial in court, with speeches of counsel, evidence, and summing up, was also much relished; and the way in which the piece was received seemed to promise for it a successful run. There was also a new burlesque, "The Magic Washing Cup," which is full of fun, just suited for a holiday audience. The principal parts in this were well sustained by Mrs. Lane (always the first favourite on these boards), Miss Clara St. Ouse, the droll Mr. Bigwood, Mr. Harding, and some others. The wind-up of this part of the entertainment was a magnificent scene by Mr. Rogers, representing the Enchanted Garden. Some excel-

lent dancing by Mdlle. Celeste Stephan, and the melodrama, "Bar-nard du Val," completed the amusements of the evening.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The attendance here on Whit-Monday, though immense, was not quite so large as it has been on many a similar occasion in previous years. It is possible, however, that the very imperfect and badly-constructed railway arrangements may have had something to do with producing this result. Complaints on this score were universal, and affected all the companies in communication with the Palace alike. The programme of the entertainments both within and without the palace was, as usual, popular and various. On the Shakespeare stage the "Leoleroq family" went through their clever and graceful gymnastic performances. Lingard delighted the spectators with his impersonations of character, which were faithful enough to the originals to be easily recognised. In addition to these there were, in the great transept, a performance by the band of the Coldstream Guards, a ballet pantomime by the Lauri family, and some extraordinary feats by the Spanish gymnast, Segundo and Mallos. But it was the beautiful park and gardens that had the greatest charm for the younger portion of the visitors. Their bounding and exuberant spirits could only receive full satisfaction in those out-door sports and games in which the English populace take the highest pleasure; and of these there was plentiful provision made, in the shape of cricket, rifle shooting, archery, boating, and a hundred other means of whiling away the time. An ascent by Mr. Coxwell in his balloon "Mars" brought the amusements to a close.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—This favourite and fashionable place of amusement never fails, holiday or no holiday, to attract and to delight a large number of visitors. The efforts of performers so excellent in their walk as Mrs. Reed, Mr. John Parry, and Mr. German Reed cannot fail to please. On Monday night, notwithstanding the temptations to out-of-door engagements, the gallery was well filled.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—That clever and accomplished professor of the art of mystery, Colonel Stodare, had a very liberal measure of support in his entertainment of "Magic and Ventriloquism," which appears to produce unflinching interest on the part of the public. The hall was thronged in every part, and the performance throughout gave unqualified satisfaction.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—The extreme beauty of Whit-Monday had the effect of attracting 25,575 persons to the gardens. From an early hour in the morning the crowds began to present themselves at the turnstiles, and an unceasing stream of people of both sexes, and of all ages. It is wonderful how such a crowd as that of Monday can move about without doing injury to the shrubs and flowers, but it is rare that any complaint on that head is made. The huge crowd distributed itself as well as it could over the grounds, and visited the lions, the tigers, the elephants, the rhinoceros, the monkeys, &c.

FADING AWAY.

The engraving given, on page 825, of a photograph exhibited at the Crystal Palace, and entitled "Fading Away," is the best specimen that has appeared of a particular kind of photographic art, in which we profess personally we have no belief. Mr. H. F. Robinson wishes to extend the limits of photography—a very laudable desire; only that it is as well to extend them in their natural direction. When first the invention of Daguerre was made public, it then appeared to be the general impression that it was adapted for portraits, and, indeed, for nothing else. Then it was applied to architecture, and after that to landscapes, sea-views, and natural objects of all kinds, separately or in combination. During the last few years many of the French photographers have occupied themselves with the copying of celebrated pictures, which they produce more accurately and minutely than any engraver can do. Not content, however, with developing the art in a legitimate manner, there is a tendency among some photographers to apply it to the representation of human passion and feeling, which lies quite beyond its province. As a general rule, there is about as much difference between a photographer and a painter, as between a stage-manager and a dramatic poet. The former, if he knows his business, can arrange groups admirably, but he has nothing to do with the expression of emotion; it is not expected from him, nor can he succeed if he attempts it. He might, perhaps, do something if all his models were talented. It is no use saying to an ordinary model, "Look as if you were dying with love," or "Express religious fervour," for only persons born with great histrionic genius can do anything of this kind. And even if some woman possessing all the mobility of feature and power of expression that belong to a great actress would consent to become the subject of a series of photographic studies, all the merit of the performance would, after all, belong to the model, and in many instances that is actually the case at present. Thus, Mr. H. F. Robinson has found an excellent model for his "Fading Away," but only one, the principal figure, is admirable—the others are of no sort of value. However, the attitude and expression of the girl who is "fading away" are worthy of all commendation; and we repeat that, in an impossible style of art, Mr. H. F. Robinson holds the highest position.

CHARGE OF KILLING A MOTHER.—Two men, named Stapleton and Christopher Doughty, brothers, the former thirty and the latter forty years of age, were apprehended on Wednesday evening for having caused the death of Mary Doughty, their mother, who was a widow, aged seventy-five. The three were the occupants of a cottage at Haxby, a village four miles from York, and on the 16th ult., a neighbour, Mrs. Hardisty, hearing an unusual noise, went into Mrs. Doughty's house, where a shocking scene presented itself. The floor was covered with blood, which was flowing from a fearful gash in poor Mrs. Doughty's head. Some difficulty was experienced in stopping the hemorrhage, and Mrs. Doughty was assisted to bed. She was afterwards attended by Mr. Marshall, surgeon, of York, but she gradually sank, and expired on Wednesday morning last. In the afternoon of that day Mr. Marshall made a post-mortem examination of the body of the deceased, and the sons were afterwards taken into custody on the charge of killing their mother. Christopher, who was apprehended at a public-house at Clifton, near York, stated that his brother struck his mother with a chisel, and the other prisoner made no reply to the charge. The deceased made a statement to the effect that on the 16th ult. a quarrel took place in the house between the two sons, whom she separated; that Christopher was then going to yards the door, and as she was in the act of following him Stapleton took up a chisel and gave her a heavy blow with it on the head. It is stated that the chisel tool was afterwards seen in the house, but it cannot now be found.—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—At Levens, on Saturday, a youth named John Cornwall, aged fifteen, was in the Bridgwick chalk pits, near Levens, intending to take the nest of a bird, which was some distance up the face of the cliff. With this view he commenced climbing up the projecting pieces of chalk to a giddy height, and had nearly reached the object of his perilous feat, when a lump of chalk gave way, and fell backwards to the ground, together with an enormous weight of loose stone, amidst which his form was hardly discernible, the only spectator being his father, who happened to come that way at the time. The boy fell crushed and bleeding at his father's feet. The parent rushed in while the chalk was still descending about him, and, notwithstanding large pieces continually struck him, rescued the boy just before an enormous piece of limestone, weighing several hundred weight, toppled over and fell upon the spot where he lay. The poor youth was apparently dead, but it was ascertained that he still breathed. A gate was procured, and he was brought home. He now lies in a dangerous state.

INGENIOUS FRAUDS UPON THE POST-OFFICE.

A CHARGE of forgery and fraud was preferred on Saturday afternoon, before Mr. Flowers, at Bow-street Police-court, by the Post-office authorities, against a man who gave the name of Thomas Henry Wilson, but who is supposed to be only the accomplice of the ingenious person by whom the scheme, involving a loss of £500, was originally committed. Mr. Peacock, the Post-office solicitor, attended for the prosecution, and detailed the circumstances related by the principal witness in full, and expressed his hope that the chief delinquent, who had assumed the functions of a Government Inspector, would shortly be in the hands of the police.

Hancock, the detective officer, deposed to having apprehended the prisoner in the Edgware-road, where he had been looking out for him for some time past. On telling him that he was charged with aiding another man in defrauding the Post-office, he at first denied all knowledge of it; but then added, "that he could not be charged with forgery, as he was unable to write." Nothing about forgery had been mentioned to him. He said he was a hatter, and refused to give any address.

Mr. Charles James, 141, Whitechapel-road, and Mr. T. H. List, of the Commercial-road, both keeping money-order offices, deposed to having paid the prisoner £50 each, being the amount of money-orders presented by him on the 13th of May. The latter witness, on being cross-examined by Mr. L. Lewis, declined to swear positively as to the identity.

Mr. Augustus Shroder, another post-office keeper, paid him £70 the same morning.

Samuel Weddick, examined; I keep the post-office at the village of Nether Stowey, near Bridgwater, Somerset, and keep the books and official documents. The money-order forms and advice-forms are on the same sheet. In granting money-orders we insert the amount, name of remitter, and the payee, and the office on which the money is drawn; and then advices are sent to the postmaster on whom the order is drawn. The order is handed to the person who applies for it. About twelve o'clock on the 12th of May last a man arrived at my office in a gig. He entered the office, and requested to have some conversation with me in my private room. He had a bag in his hand. I showed him into my room. He then said he was a Government Inspector, sent by the Postmaster-General, to whom various complaints had been recently made respecting letters at Nether Stowey, Cannington, and Holford. He complained of general mismanagement in the district. He asked, "Who had access to my office?" I told him myself and son. "Is your son duly sworn?" he asked. I said, "Yes, he is." He then took out some papers from his bag, and appeared to read the addresses of several letters, which he stated had been lost. He mentioned one addressed to Sir George Grove, of Belgrave-square, containing bank notes, which had been lost. He said there was another, containing coins, the posting of which could be attested. He said also that Sir Peregrine Aclay had made complaints respecting his letters. I told him that Sir Peregrine's letters did not generally pass through my hands, although some did, as he had two country seats. I said I had received a letter from Mr. John Hamilton, stating that a letter of his, containing bank-notes, and which was addressed to Mrs. J. Hamilton, post-office, Camden-town, had not been received. He said the Postmaster-General had directed that the matter should be thoroughly investigated, and that Mr. Creswell (the district inspector) and himself would be present on Thursday to commence a searching inquiry. I told him I could not give him any information respecting the letters in question, but that every letter posted at my place had been certainly despatched, and in almost every instance I had made up the bag myself. He told me he would return in the evening with a test-letter, which I must privately mark, so as to be able to swear to it, and I must follow the instructions he would give me for a whole week. These instructions were that I must particularly notice all the letters despatched each post, and if I thought they contained enclosures of any kind I must note the address in a book, so as to testify that they had been duly despatched. He said that, when Mr. Creswell did arrive, he would require several alterations to be made in my way of conducting the business, which must be kept more quiet. He asked me what was my average weekly supply of money-orders; in the event of my sending more than one order to the same office, whether I sent them separately or together, and how I made out the advices, as complaints upon this point had been made at the head office. I showed him how I generally sent them. He asked to examine my books, forms, and daily journals, which he said "appeared to be correct." He said that Mr. Bokenham had given orders that he should take away the forms at Nether Stowey, except such as might be required up to the 16th of May, when some fresh regulations would be issued, and an alteration made in the numbers (registered by machinery) caused by the disparity in the numbers granted in large towns like Birmingham and Liverpool, compared with small places. He asked for my forms, and I gave him a whole book containing 200 forms, and part of another then in use, from which he selected forms from 101 to 200 inclusive. He said he should send the entire book back to the stores. He made other inquiries respecting my mode of doing business, and complained of the driver of the mail-cart, stating that he should go with him that night. He then took away the forms and advices, and about half-past seven in the evening he drew up again in his gig and entered the office. He said he had been to Holford, and found great neglect of duty there, and he gave me a letter which he had spoken of as a "test letter," containing marked money, on which he required me to make a private mark for the purpose of identity. He enjoined me to keep the matters he had spoken of strictly private for the present. I then stamped the letters and made up my bag for the night, while he stood by and looked on. He asked me how long I had been in the office, and whether I had succeeded Mr. Stanley, and what was my salary, and what extras I had. During the time there was a band of music going by, and the gentleman's horse being restive, I ran out to the door and desired a boy to hold him. During this moment the "inspector" was left alone in the office. The bag was afterwards given to the driver of the mail-cart. When it had gone, the gentleman said, "I shall follow that fellow up." He drove away himself shortly afterwards. I have since ascertained that the horse which he was driving belonged to a livery stable keeper at Bridgwater. I have examined the forms produced, purporting to be money-orders, and I pronounce them to be forgeries as far as my signature is concerned. The name of the supposed remitter was "Edgar Reeves," and the payer, "William Bright." All the orders appeared to be made out for £10 each, and were despatched, probably, by the sham inspector himself. The total amount of the frauds was said to be £500, although the money applied for was not in every case received.

Mr. Thomas Jeffery, travelling inspector of the missing letter department, having deposed to the fact that the names were forgeries, the prisoner was committed for trial.

A CONSIDERABLE number of volunteer artillerymen have become deaf owing to the firing of heavy guns.

MR. ISAAC ROLDS, of Oakworth House, near Keighley, is a Liberal candidate for Knaresborough, which is now represented by two Conservatives, Mr. Wood and Mr. Collins.

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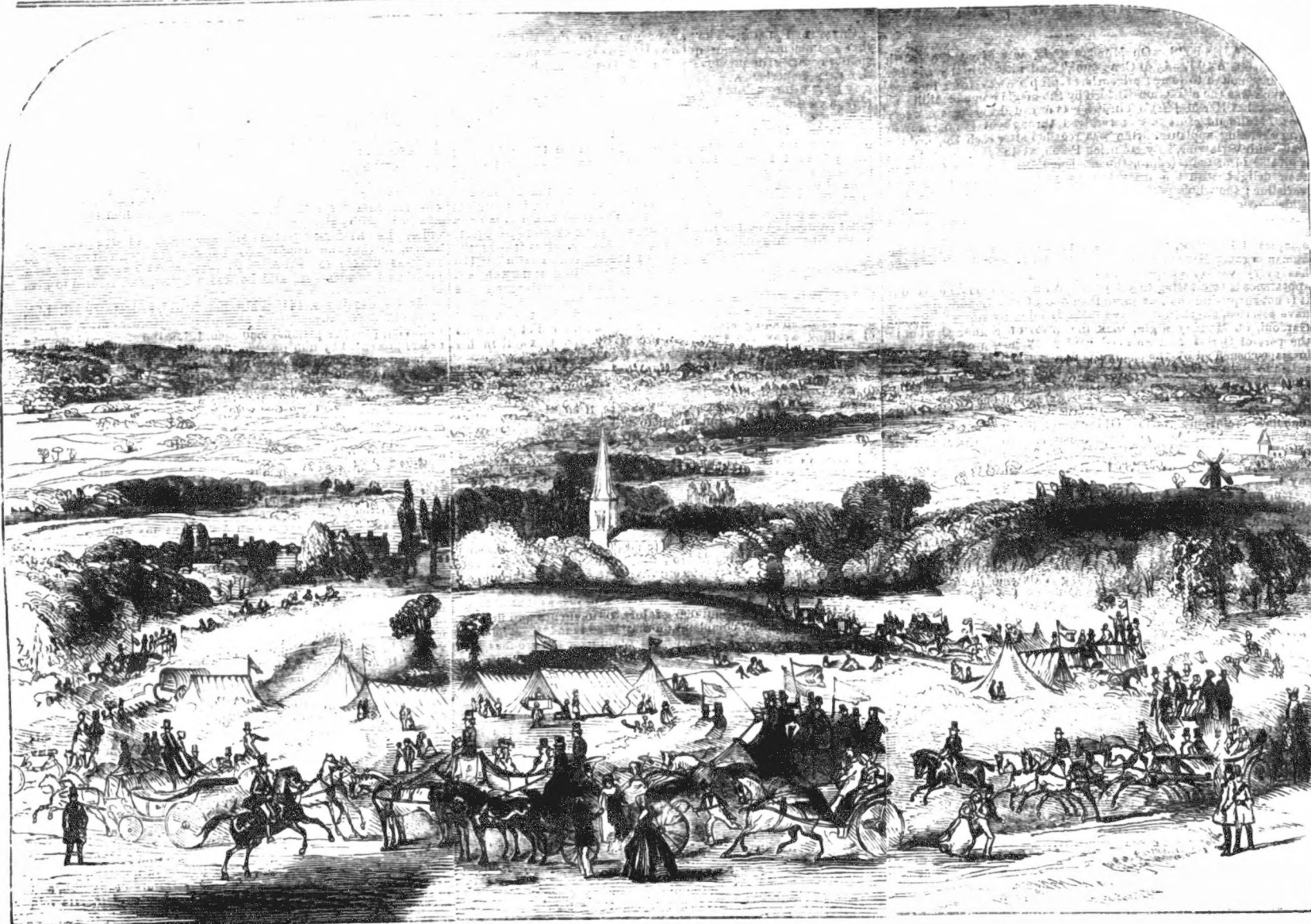
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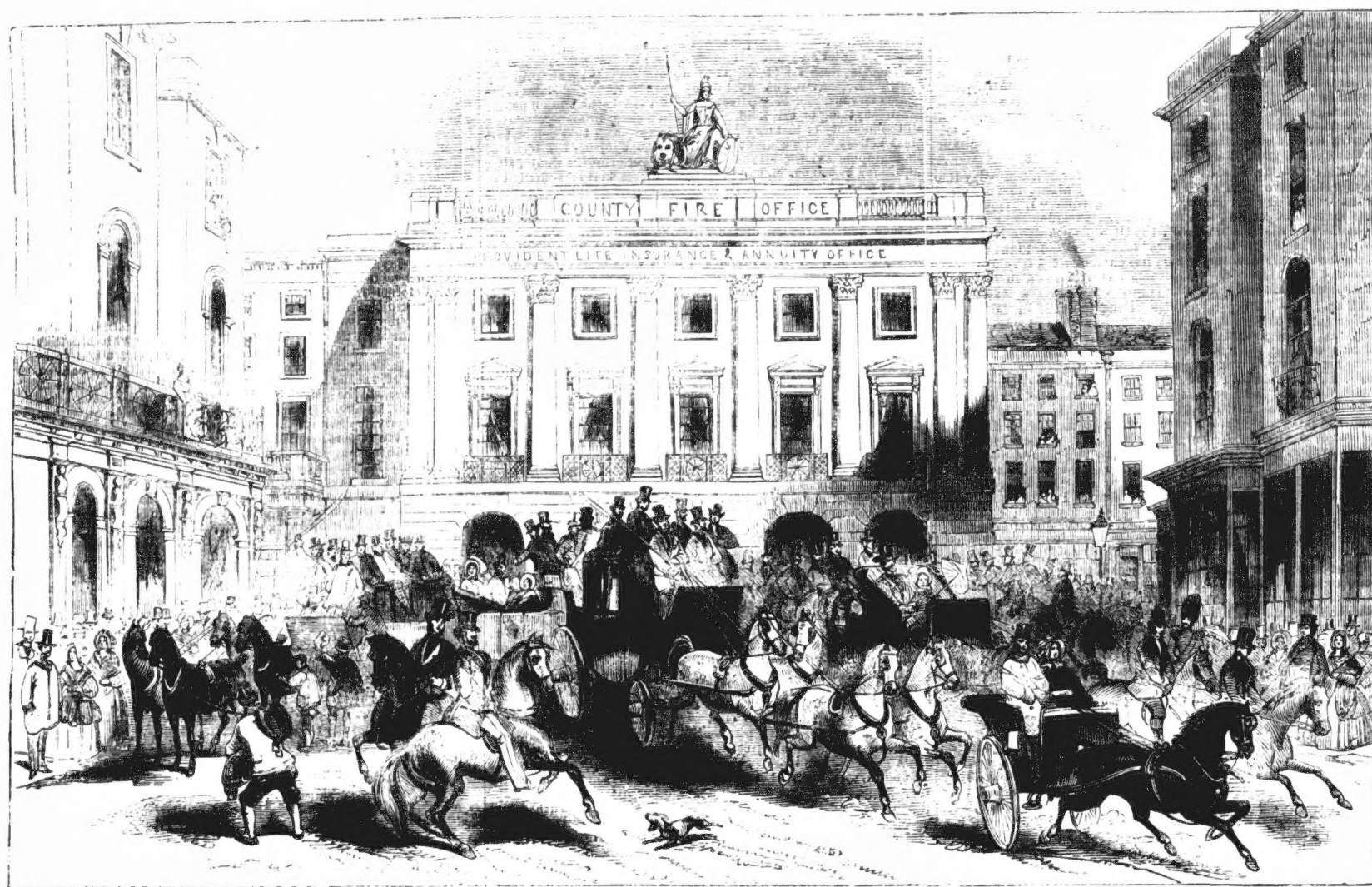
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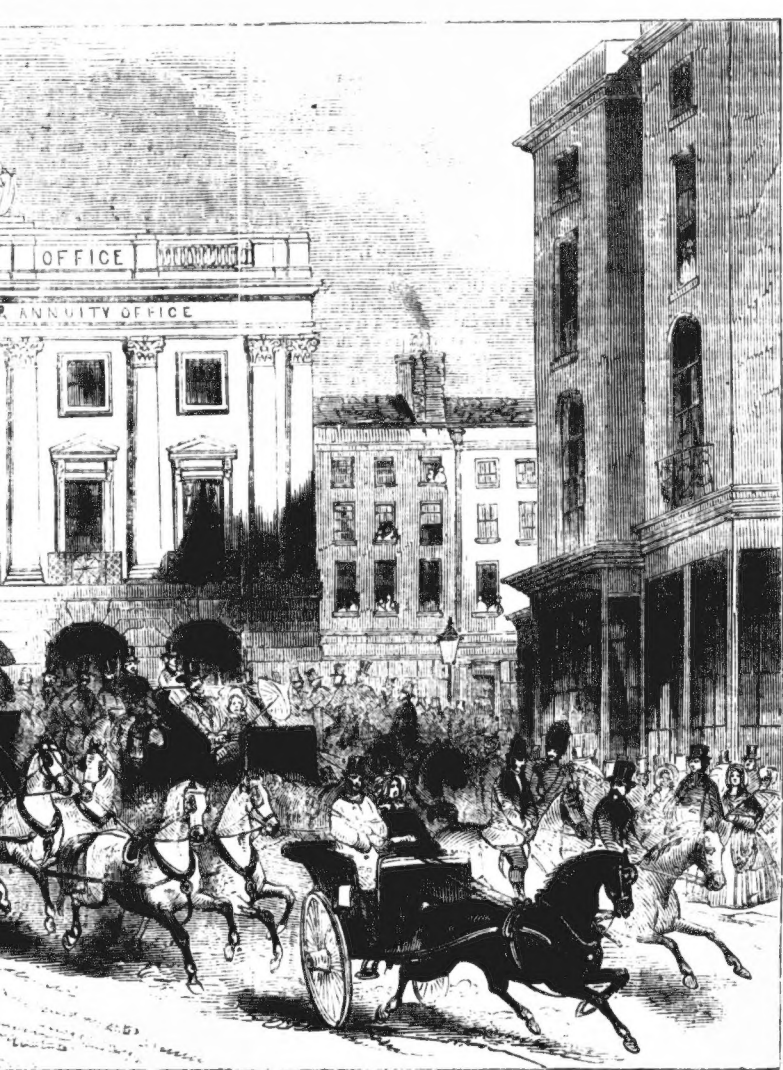
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EPSOM. (See page 818.)



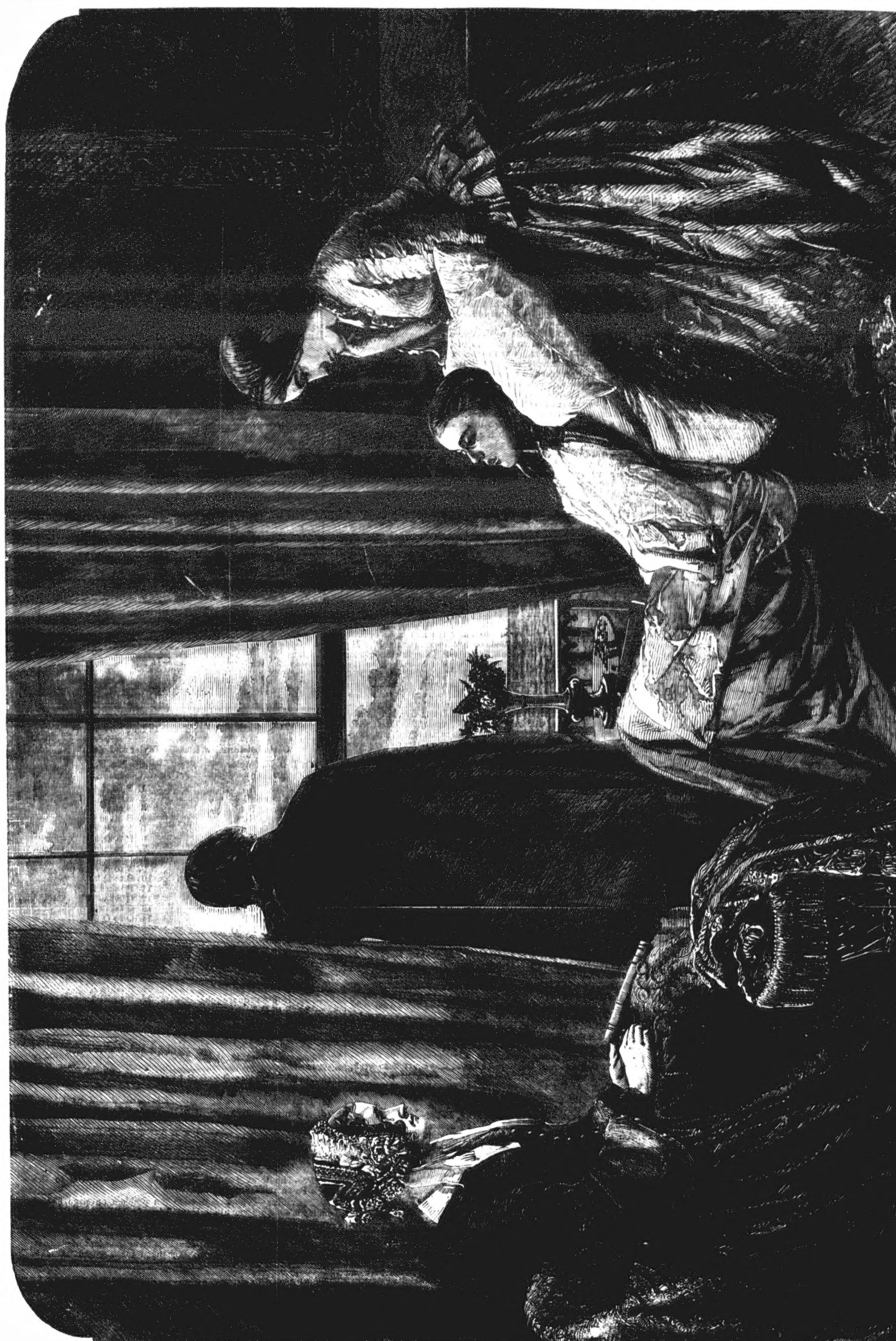
REGENT-STREET ON THE DERBY MORNING. (See page 813.)



PSOM. (See page 818.)



MORNING. (See page 813.)

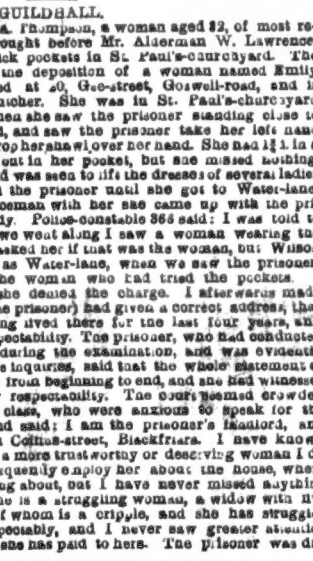


Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS
MANLYN HOUSE



GUILDHALL

[illegible]

ROW NAME: C

- Edward Clarke, an errand boy, was charged with having been entrusted by his master, Mr. Taylor, dealer, with a sum of £5 to pay an accountant and Co., of Blackfriars. He left his master's house, and instead of doing so absconded, but £2, being more than double their value, as a purse. He then proceeded to King's Cross, and to Liverpool. After wandering about the streets of the latter place for some time, he was seen by a policeman, and taken to the station, where, as Karling, a pipe-cleaner's officer, so to Liverpool to take charge of him. He informed the habit of reading "The Story of the Nation," has become possessed with the desire to become a detective. He had bought a pistol and by way of settling himself up in business to appear, however, to have made any attempt to do so, and having no means of support, he had reduced to starvation, when, in despair, he had taken to the road. The pipe-cleaner now said he was sorry for

[illegible]

hat which they had taken away but not paid for. He called a constable, and gave them both a receipt. Police-constable 88 A said he was called by the last witness who pointed the prisoners out to him, and he took them into custody. At the station-house he searched them, and found on Jacobson a gold watch and chain, a riding whip, and some other articles, and on Hennrich a £18 in English gold, and about forty foreign coins. After they were looked up he found a dagger knife of foreign pattern on the bench on which they had been seated in the dock, but neither of them would own it as his property. The evidence having been taken, the prisoners were taken to the cells. The witness, who is himself a German, the prisoners declined to cross-examine the witnesses, but said they would answer statements to make Mr. Crookwell's case. The case was concluded.

A TROUBLESOME WAITER.—Charles Matoual, a Prussian refugee, was charged on a warrant with sending a threatening letter, and using threatening language, to Mrs. Wallis, of the Alexander Hotel, Hyde-park-corner. The prisoner lived with Mrs. Wallis as a waiter for two years, and left on account of his violent profligate and dissipated habits, and characters being him, but on the beginning of last November again wrote to Mrs. W. for money and assistance. Failing in his object he wrote several threatening letters. Among others was one dated the 15th of September:—

[illegible]

The words "Serve you as I served that fellow at home" most probably refer to a superior officer of the regiment to which the prisoner belonged in Prussia whom he violently assaulted, after which he fled for refuge to England. Mrs. Wallis took no notice of this line, knowing the prisoner to be violent and excitable character. She did not hear of him until a few days ago, when he frequently walked up and down the front of her house, threatening her and uttering horrid threats and oaths. He collected a large crowd and said to them he would have Mrs. Wallis's life. When ordered by Everest, 76 B, to desist, he refused, and said he would murder the old —. When asked why he did not go back to Prussia, he said, "He did not do, because he would receive ten years' imprisonment for assaulting his superior officer." The prisoner at first wanted the charge against him dropped, but after a short time he refused him a character. She had suggested to pay him his lawful wages. Mr. Arnold said the constable would have taken him into custody when he saw a prisoner as described in front of Mrs. Wallis's house. A solicitor, who attended to prosecute, handed the Magistrate a letter from the vicar of Walthamstow, which proved the prisoner had been in his service since he left Mrs. Wallis, that he had written a character for her. He had been in the habit of coming to her house, where he was named on account of his violent temper, and that months after his discharge he had been a terror to the other servants whom he annoyed. Mr. Arnold told the prisoner that in England a master was bound to give a servant a character. The prisoner, who was much excited, begged to be discharged, and promised not to go near the place any more. Mr. Arnold said he would give present a character and an apology and a promise to make a good man, and if he did not write a character he would be liable to a month's imprisonment. He was detained for a week. Prisoner was then removed. He attacked a gaoler, but was speedily secured and lodged in a cell, where he threatened to commit suicide.

SINGULAR OCCIDENT IN CHURCH—James Barnard, 35, who described himself as a carpenter, having no name, was charged before Mr. Partridge (who sat for Mr. Barker) with disorderly conduct and disturbing the congregation in St. Mark's Church, Myddelton-square. Mr. James Ogle Clarke said he is a merchant and a resident at 59, Myddelton-square, Clerkenwell. About two minutes to twelve, just after the Litany had commenced he heard a terrific shriek and noise in the church proceeding from the seats, and on turning round saw the prisoner jumping up and endeavoring to get away. In his arms were some ladies. The wild conduct of the prisoner quite alarmed the congregation. He took hold of the prisoner who was quite sober, and led him out of the church. He thought that the prisoner was not quite right in his mind. He made some strange statements, but at times appeared quite rational. Police-constable Mount 270 N, said he was called to take the prisoner into custody, and found him running down St. John's-street. He took him into custody, and a short time more than a foot long dropped from him. He had asked inquiries, and found that he had been taken from the church by a man named Clarke. He says that he may be a surgeon, and one of the members of the church. He said he held the prisoner in the porch of the church, and he then told that whenever he went there the congregation conspired to murder Mr. Partridge. Should you say he was out of his mind? Witness: Sometimes he spoke rationally enough. When asked for his address he refused to give it. I should not like to give a decided opinion as to his state of mind. Prisoner: What the witnesses have said is correct. Mr. Partridge: What have you got to say to making a note in church? The prisoner: It was wronging God, and Holy Ghost, and making men mad. Mr. Partridge: Is that your answer, the witness, and if I find myself there would I do anything to them right. Mr. Partridge remanded the prisoner to the House of Correction for further inquiry.

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was prepared to pay a guinea for the box, and he said he was, and that Mr. Hoffman lived with him at 62, Dean-street, and knew he had come for the box, and that he was going to take the box to Mr. Hoffman. Having paid her the guinea, she gave him the box, and she thought Mr. Hoffman might be ill, and believing the prisoner's representation, that he had been sent for the box, she allowed him to take it away. The prisoner asked whether he asked for his own things, or Mr. Hoffman's. The witness said he asked for Mr. Hoffman's box. Mr. Mansfield asked the witness whether the prisoner had ever resided in her house, and she said he had for a short time. Mr. Hoffman having taken him in to lodge with him out of charity. Mr. Hoffman said he had never lodged at 62, Dean-street, and never sent the prisoner for the box. The linen in the box was of the value of £4, but there were papers to the value of £3, of some value to him. In answer to Mr. Mansfield, the witness said the prisoner was a "wizard," and that a few of his things were in the box that he used in his profession. The prisoner said he went for the things because he had a chance of giving a morning performance, and wanted his property. Mr. Mansfield remanded him, consenting to take one day.

Swissman Swindler.—Charles Percy Fuller, of 42, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, veterinary surgeon, charged with obtaining a gun of the value of £16 from Mr. William Bishop, gunmaker, of 170, New Bond-street, was again brought up. Mr. May presided, and Mr. Edward Dillon Lewis of Great Marlborough-street, defended. The evidence taken on the former occasion having been read over, the Hon. the Judge asked the prisoner whether he had any objection to the evidence being read, and he did not know the prisoner, and was not aware of having ever seen him before, and he had never shot with the prisoner. In answer to Mr. Lewis the witness stated that he had never been suggested in any shooting expedition with the prisoner, but he could not tell everybody who shot on his estate, as there might be poachers. At this time counsel for the prisoner stated that he knew about it, and that he had been told that the right of shooting over Mookland's Wood was quite possible that others were shooting there besides himself. Mr. Arthur Fuller, banker, of Lombard-street, said he did not know the prisoner, and he certainly was not a relation of his, as represented by him to Mr. Bishop. Alfred Carver, assistant to Mr. Winstler, gunmaker, of the Strand, said that he had been told by the prisoner that he was about to purchase a gun, and that he would purchase a gun, and subsequently brought him the gun, which he purchased for £20. The number of the gun was 10,069. He bought a second gun of the prisoner the same day. The prisoner reserved his defence. Mr. Mansfield committed the prisoner for trial. Mr. May then entered into the particulars of another charge against the prisoner, in which he was charged with obtaining a gun of the value of £10 from the gunmaker, of St. James's-street; but Mr. Mansfield, not deeming that a case was made out, declined to entertain it.

NICE SERVANTS.—Thomas Martin and Ann Russell, footman and cook in the service of Mrs. Stracey, 23, Hamilton-terrace, St. John's-wood, were charged with robbing the lady's house on Saturday night last. The maid, who was with her mistress, Mrs. Stracey. They had been out on Saturday, and on their return home they found both prisoners very drunk. In Martin's drawers were found a full bottle of sherry and an empty one, containing a quantity of brandy. The footman had a bottle of wine in his room, and the cook had found a bottle of wine. The cook and she would give him 20s. sooner than take him given into custody. They both had looked up. The footman had been in his situation for two years, and the cook for one year. They were each sentenced to one month's hard labour.

A "RESPECTABLE" FEMALE IN TROUBLE.—John Priest, 49, described himself as a horse dealer, and a Hannah Priest, 24, his wife, were charged with the latter with assault and attempted robbery, and the former with attempted rescue. Mrs. Margaret Lucas was looking into a shop window in the Hackney-road on Saturday evening, when the female prisoner, who had been some time in the shop, came in and asked to see the goods. Mrs. Lucas beckoned her to the counter, and the prisoner attempted the robbery, and told her what she did, on which the prisoner hastened into the shop. The prosecutor fetched Carlin. H. and gave the prisoner into custody. She indignantly exclaimed, "Why you see, you scound a respectable woman like me!" and made a blow at the prosecutor, from which the latter escaped. A number of women made so violent an attack upon Mrs. Lucas and her niece that they were obliged to take refuge in a shop to escape ill-usage. The male prisoner then came up, threw his arms round the woman and tried to pull her away; this was prevented by Carlin. The men then got between them, and thrust her back, so that a third woman was forced from his grasp. Another woman, however, came up, the female prisoner was again scoured, after several other attempts at escape and rescue, they were taken into custody and lodged in the gaol; the female prisoner displayed great violence all the way. The female prisoner's offence was for the most part, a mere childish squabble; she appeared to be had no training for such a life.

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A DISREPUTED POTSMAN—John Saunders, potman in the service of James Havill, the landlord of the Masons Arms, Battersea-Fields, was examined on a charge of abetting with his messes cash-box, containing about £150 in Bank of England notes, gold and silver, also a gold watch and chain, a pair of gold earrings, a pair of diamond studs, a pair of gold and silver, and copper, was found upon him, also Mr. Havill's keys and other receipts and papers. He said, "I intended to have gone out and given up what I had left." Mr. Charles Ayres now said that he managed the business of his brother, who kept the Swan, Tottenham, and was arrested on the 11th inst. after the afternoon robbery. The prisoner was in a house with some soldiers, treating them, and spending his money very freely. He was the worse for liquor, and, dragging out the Queen's coat-mans, and had come out for a holiday. Saunders now said he had a gold watch and chain, and the state he was in, witness now demanded him, for his own protection, to leave the room. He was then taken to the police station, where he was found with the watch and chain he was wearing, two £10 Bank notes, and £26 in gold, for which he gave him a memorandum. He gave witness his name as John Brown, of no. 2, Aylmer-street, Battersea-Fields. Mr. Havill identified the watch and chain, and one of the £10 notes, as his property. Inspector Abroad now said that the prisoner being brought to Aylmer-street, he found the watch and chain, and Mr. Ayres now said that he was the gully of the robbery. He then asked the prisoner gave witness found the opera glasses as a watch kept by Mrs. Oulley, in Holywell-street, Strand. He also found the missing money had been spent. A former conviction of twelve months imprisonment for felony having been proved against the prisoner, Dayman committed him for trial at the next Surrey Sessions.

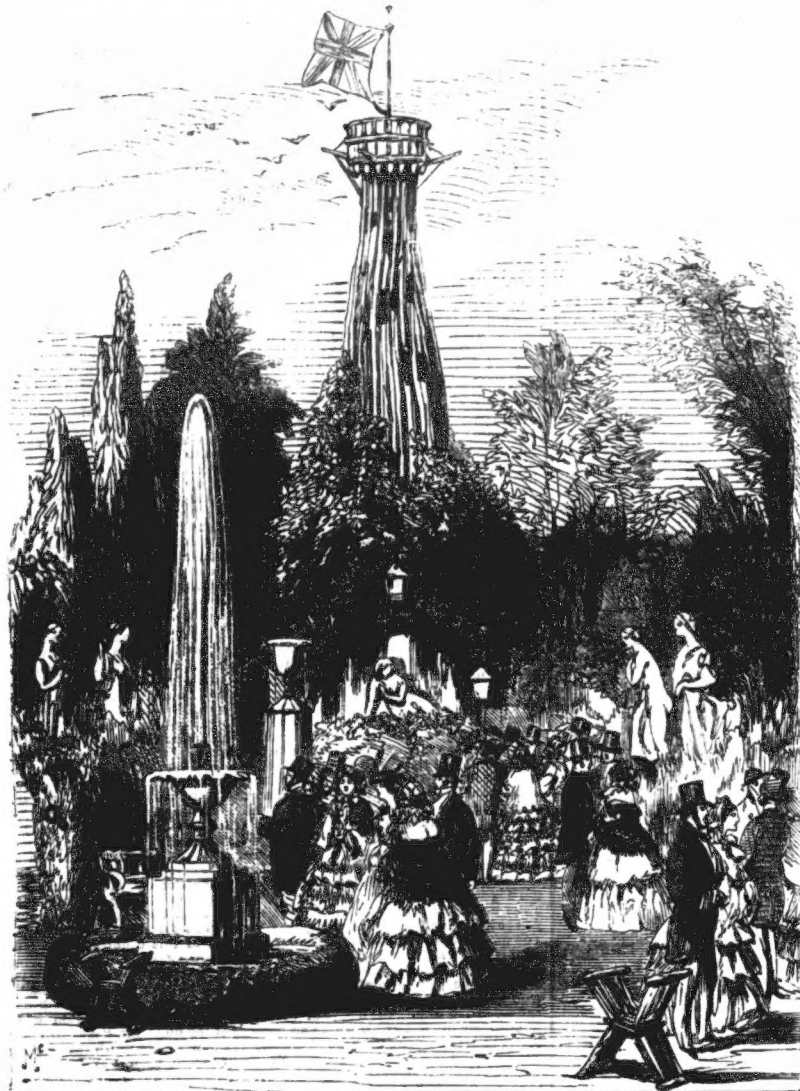
THE SWISS GARDENS, SHOREHAM.

These delightful gardens—the Cremorne or Highbery of Brighton—are situated about five miles from the latter town on the road to Worthing. For varied amusements, beautiful walks, and many labyrinthine of flowers and statuary, there are few places of public resort to surpass these Swiss Gardens. The visitor may stroll round them for hours, and yet find himself continually gazing upon some new object of attraction; and should he then tire of all these, there are the happy smiling faces of old and young of all classes to look upon. Turn which way one will, a laughing joyous group is always to be met with. We hear a shout of juvenile voices behind some thick foliage—we make a short turn, and in a moment find ourselves by the side of a round-about, where paterfamilias themselves are doing duty for the working horses, while their happy offspring are riding and sleighing the wooden ones, just as we see them in one of our present sketches.

Another short turn, and we are among a score of jolly parties doing "shrimps and tea"; then we come upon the see-saw and the ladies' swings. The latter, however, are not exclusively confined to the ladies, for, somehow or other, the gentlemen will take a turn upon them also; while,



THE SWISS GARDENS, SHOREHAM.—THE ROUND-ABOUT.



THE OBSERVATORY.

on the other hand, the ladies seem as fond of mounting on the higher swings, which are supposed to be exclusively erected for the masculine gender.

Walking round the fountains beneath the observatory, through the walks leading to the maze and the Temple of the Oracle, there are always plenty of smiling attractions, as may be judged from another of our sketches; but not alone here, there are two good sized lakes and plenty of boats of all sizes and shapes; and to stand upon one of the bridges and look down on the fair sex "feathering their ears" is a sight sufficient to cheer the heart, we should think, of the greatest misanthrope. Then, again, there are the attractions of the ball-rooms, the theatre, concert, dissolving views, and a host of other amusements—billiards, traps, bowls, strides, cricket, &c. We heartily recommend these gardens to every visitor to Brighton.

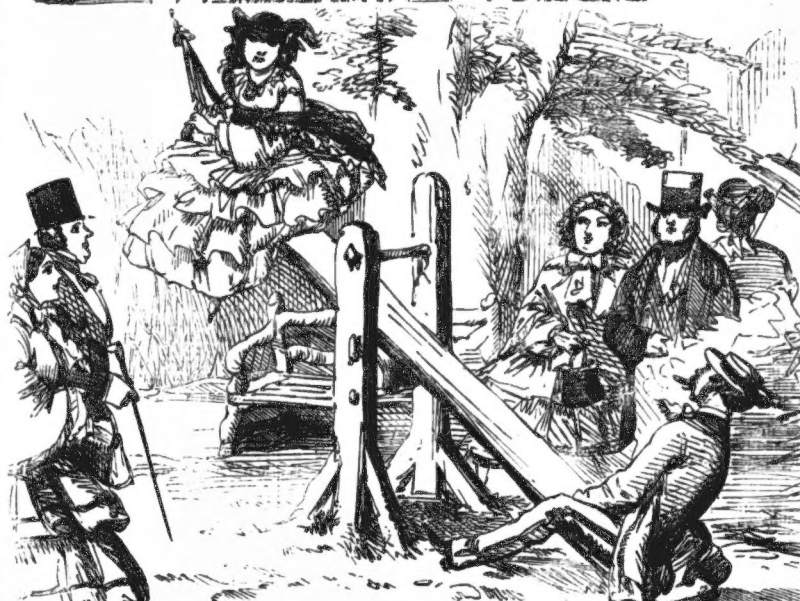


BOATING ON THE LAKES.

CROSSING TO BOULOGNE.

The season at Boulogne has now fairly set in; and every boat across the Channel takes over a goodly number of excursionists and visitors. The steamers on this service—an engraving of one will be found on our next page—are fine-built vessels, handsomely fitted up, and very fast. From Folkestone to Boulogne—once considered quite a voyage, and always associated with a disagreeable seasickness—the distance is now a mere pleasant trip, except, of course, in stormy weather, and is accomplished by these fast boats within two hours.

GENERAL GRANT IN PHILADELPHIA.—The friends of General Grant in Philadelphia have presented him with a new house, completely furnished. The arrival of the general with his family last week was characteristic of the man. He made special request of the committee of presentation that there should be no reception or public announcement of his coming, and so careful were the gentlemen of the committee of the general's wishes, that outside of their own number not twenty persons in the city knew of his coming till he landed at Walnut-street-wharf. The general's staff for this peace movement consisted of his wife and three children, and aide, and Lieutenant-Colonel



THE SEE-SAW.

Literature.

ANNIE'S SISTERS.

My sister came in with flashing eyes, and I never questioned her when she behaved in herself she usually explained to me after a time never did.

"The committee on ways and means is said, presently."

I prudently kept my mouth shut.

"I shan't go to Frawson," she next vowed.

"Oh, Ellis!" I said, imploringly.

"Go down and tell them," was her only answer.

She came to me and took my work from me.

"Go and tell them."

It was no use contending with her; I went.

I found my mother, my aunt, and my three

earnestly. This was the conclave that Ellis

of ways and means; and never sat committed

to solve.

Given twenty dollars per month—my father

a little for a "risky day," allowed us only

and gaiters, bonnets and Balmorals, hoop

shawls and silks, hairpins and headresses,

tickets, and velvet ribbon and so on, and

arranging variously from uncertain fifteen to a

five. I was one of them, and the one that

most frequently together, produced the most

troubling debate, and caused it to break up with

consciousness of failure on all the home

acted.

Ellis usually contrived to be absent. Under

the dropping, she was sure to confuse

grave sarcasms, or with her profound silence

nares.

Ellis was proud. Next, she was fragile and

in adverse winds, and blanched in storms.

could spare her, each one unconsciously

shook and beat upon her piteously for all

mother's nor sister's hand could turn aside,

daily; and at twenty-five her face revealed

cruel marksmanship. She had lately, from a

pressing invitation to spend October at

might achieve this visit was the occasion of

sent me down to disperse.

"It makes no difference," I said, break

tongues, "Ellis would rather not go."

"Not go!" said mamma, in dismay.

"What in massy's to hinder her?" asked

this sort of thing was "nuts"—the champagne

existence.

"Why," exclaimed mamma, "I thought

to go; she is sure to meet such fine wide-a-

people that even she can condescend to talk

moped of late. And Esther has concluded

bonnet, and Matilda has concluded to put her

together, the way they make 'em now, and

and Amelia is darning her gaiters, as you see

she says she don't care about going to the

you, you never want anything; and Aunt J.

my merino, so it will be just as good as

real comfort, and I declare it is too bad.

"I suppose, mamma, she wouldn't be

thinking her visit had been accomplished at

out of every one of her relatives—said relat-

rowed to the smallest breathing proportion,

My mother stared blankly at me.

"I seen it in her when she went out," said

truly believe she had her flat doubled

wouldn't put me in such a humour as that,

contriving every way they could to send

elegantly.

"There is a carriage at our gate," observed

Instant silence resulted. Shreds were

and furniture arranged as fast as a dozen hands

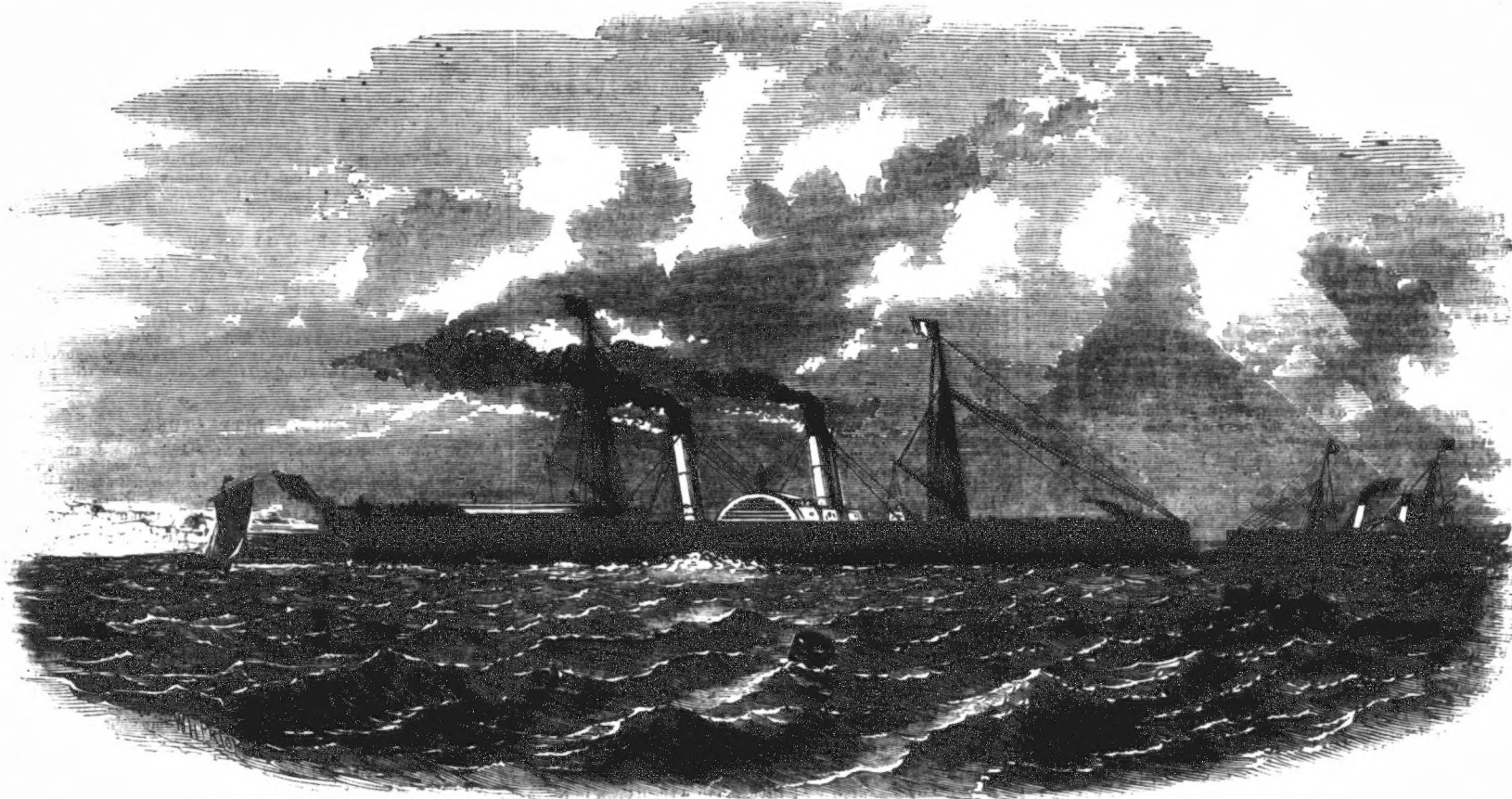
Matilda, who slouched, slunk away.

Parker, an Indian, who has accompanied General Grant since the beginning of the Mississippi campaign. Before a crowd could gather, the party were welcomed within the doors of 2,009 Chestnut-street, by the committee of presentation and a few ladies from their families. George H. Stuart, Esq., chairman of the committee, in a brief greeting that touched all hearts by its allusions to the general's bright career, presented the deed and keys of the house. After the introduction to the house in all its apartments, the family were invited up-stairs to a collation spread by the ladies. It was a generous dinner on temperance principles, enjoyed all the more for the prayer of thanksgiving and blessing in which the company were led by Mr. Stuart. The house is one of a block of brick, with brown stone dressing, on Chestnut-street, above 20th. It cost, with the furniture, not far from 50,000 dollars. —Boston Congregationalist.

CROSSING TO BOULOGNE.

THE season at Boulogne has now fairly begun; and every boat across the Channel has over a goodly number of excursionists and visitors. The steamers on this service—an engraving of one will be found on our next page—are fine-built vessels, handsomely fitted up, and very fast. From Folkestone to Boulogne—no considered quite a voyage, and ways associated with a disagreeable sea-sickness—the distance is now a mere pleasant trip, except, of course, in stormy weather, and is accomplished by these boats within two hours.

GENERAL GRANT IN PHILADELPHIA.—The friends of General Grant in Philadelphia have presented him with a new house, completely furnished. The arrival of the general with his family last week was characteristic of the man. He made special request of the committee of presentation that there should be no reception or public announcement of his coming, and so careful were the gentlemen of the committee of the general's wishes, that outside of their own number not twenty persons in the city knew of his coming. He landed at Walnut-street-wharf. The general's staff for this peace movement consisted of his wife and three children, and aide, and Lieutenant-Colonel



CROSSING TO BOULOGNE. (See page 828.)

Literature.

ANNIE'S SISTER.

My sister came in with flashing eyes, and flung herself on the bed. I never questioned her when she behaved in this manner. Left to herself she usually explained to me after a time, but questioned she never did.

"The committee on ways and means is in session below," she said, presently.

I prudently kept my mouth shut.

"I shan't go to Frampton," she next vouchsafed me.

"Oh, Ellie!" I said, imploringly.

"Go down and tell them," was her only answer.

She came to me and took my work from my hands.

"Go and tell them."

It was no use contending with her; I went.

I found my mother, my aunt, and my three sisters confabulating earnestly. This was the concave that Ellie styled the committee of ways and means; and never sat committee on questions so hard to solve.

Given twenty dollars per month—my father, who was laying by a little for a "rainy day," allowed us only this to procure gloves and garters, bonnets and Balmoral, hoops and handkerchiefs, shawls and silks, hairpins and head-dresses, collars and excursion-tickets, and velvet ribbon and so on, ad infinitum, for five girls, ranging variously from uncertain fifteen to awfully certain twenty-five. I was one of them, and the one that called the committee most frequently together, produced the most deafening and distracting debate, and caused it to break up with the most mortifying consciousness of failure on all the home affairs upon which it acted.

Ellie usually contrived to be absent. If she sat for a while under the droppings, she was sure to confuse the members with her grave sarcasms, or with her profound silence and sphinx countenance.

Ellie was proud. Next, she was fragile and delicate; she shivered in adverse winds, and blanched in storms. Whatever of goods we could spare her, each one unconsciously made effort to, but we shook and beat upon her piteously for all that. Arrows that no mother's nor sister's hand could turn aside, pierced her proud heart daily; and at twenty-five her face revealed all too painfully this cruel marksmanship. She had lately, from a valued friend, received a pressing invitation to spend October at her house, and that she might achieve this visit was the occasion of the concave that she sent me down to disperse.

"It makes no difference," I said, breaking into the Babel of tongues, "Ellie would rather not go."

"Not go!" said mamma, in dismay.

"What in mussy's to hinder her?" asked Aunt Jane, to whom this sort of thing was "nuts"—the champagne, so to speak, of her existence.

"Why," exclaimed mamma, "I thought she would be delighted to go; she is sure to meet such fine wide-awake people at Carrie's, people that even she can condescend to talk to; and she has actually moped of late. And Esther has concluded to fix over her old bonnet, and Matilda has concluded to put her blue and drab dresses together, the way they make 'em now, and do without a new one; and Amelia is darning her garters, as you see, to make 'em last; and she says she don't care about going to the festival; and as for you, you never want anything; and Aunt Jane thinks I can colour my marino, so it will be just as good as new; so Ellie could go real comfortably, and I declare it is too bad of her to flare up so."

"I suppose, mamma, she wouldn't be very happy at Carrie's, thinking her visit had been accomplished at the expense of a snip out of every one of her relatives—said relatives being already narrowed to the smallest breathing proportion," I said.

My mother stared blankly at me.

"I seen it in her when she went out," said Aunt Jane. "I actually believe she had her fist doubled up. Seems to me it wouldn't put me in such a humour as that, to see a dozen people contriving every way they could to send me abroad smartly and elegantly."

"There is a carriage at our gate," observed Amelia.

Instant silence resulted. Shreds were picked from the carpet, and furniture arranged as fast as a dozen hands could move.

Matilda, who slouched, slunk away. Amelia, the eldest little

hussy in the world, instantly applied herself to the sewing dropped by the retiring she of the dingy collar. Esther, who was always busy from morning till night, now held her affghan with a listlessness that would have become a senorita; and thus, as each was arranged in the position most unnatural to herself, Sarah, with suds-covered arms, flung open the door, and marshalled in Mr. Larimer.

Mr. Larimer slightly inclined his head, scanned the tableaux, and inquired for Miss Karthaus.

With the tips of his glove he extended a card, and I bore it to my sister.

"I saw him arrive," she said, not touching it.

She stitched deliberately at the work she had taken from me.

"You are going down, Ellie?" I asked rather than, affirmed, since she made no movement to do so.

She rose presently, and followed me.

Mr. Larimer sat still and stately, scarcely replying to the voluble ladies around him.

Ellie offered her white fingers; he rose eagerly, and his frozen eye warmed; my sister was the only one creature to which this man was anything less than insolent.

"I had business near Pittsfield," he said, "and I could not return without calling on you. You are not looking at all well, Miss Karthaus. I have come to take you out; I am sure a drive would do you good. Bring her things, Annie."

My sister nodded assent, and five minutes later they dashed away behind a pair of high-stepping bays; for which, in her heart, Ellie had far more tenderness than for their owner.

As he became her owner not long after, I will speak of him briefly.

George Larimer looked like a gentleman, and had three hundred thousand dollars. Any maiden excepting Ellie, in the three large towns, near all of which he resided, would have considered herself blessed in getting him. But he never saw them. Brown curls, and black curls, and yellow curls were shaken in his face—he saw only Ellie's chestnut braids. He had for a long time assumed proprietorship over her; and, doubtless, would have proposed long ago, but that, although she endured his attentions, she kept him over at a distance. I dare affirm that until this day she had not contemplated even the possibility of marrying him.

A man that ignored her family's existence in the most unaffected manner, that cut into her mamma's conversation with any stray query that occurred to him, and that laughed in Aunt Jane's face when she kindly offered him her pet currant wine! Yet this man, that evening, walked in with Ellie, and, without the slightest embarrassment, said to my father, "I have asked Ellie to be my wife. She refers me to you. I suppose I need not fear your answer."

Papa, who, whenever a brown-paper parcel was brought into the house, was in the habit of regarding it ruefully, and murmuring sotto voce, "It is strange that nobody marries my girls," did not at this offer, look so relieved as one would suppose. On the contrary, he contemplated, rather sadly than otherwise, the pompous figure before him, and seeing there nothing that could please him, his glance shifted to my sister.

"Ellie must decide for herself," he spoke; "any man that she can accept as a husband, I hope I can as a son."

Mr. Larimer received his remarks with extreme condescension, and after a few more ill-assorted phrases, the wretched business was finished.

Preparations for the wedding went on rapidly. The expectant bridegroom was most impatient, and Ellie herself admitted that, "since the deed were to be done, 'twere best 'twere done quickly."

From the "rainy-day" fund my father fished a handsome sum for the wedding wardrobe, and at this time the sessions of the committee would have been jubilant, but for one dismal fact—the one that rode so often to our house, behind the bays.

My sister's conduct was strange enough to me. She was busy, she was gay. The lowering clouds above our horizon her bright beams dispelled; in her presence we could not perceive them, and spiteful people said—

"It is no wonder Miss Karthaus is glad to think she can be married at last, but I should be ashamed to show it so plainly as she does."

But let Larimer appear suddenly and unexpectedly, as he had got a habit of appearing; let his stiff stride bring him unlooked for and unannounced to her presence, and she would set her teeth hard and avert her face from him, as if he were one of the Gorgons instead of the proper well-conditioned man that he was.

One morning, only two days before the wedding, after witnessing a scene like this, I went up to my room to sew. Ellie managed to send away her lover, and to follow me soon.

She sat down by the window caroling gaily, as in thankfulness at her deliverance, and I threw my work from me and burst into a passion of tears. Many a time and oft I had restrained them with difficulty; now I made no effort—it seemed my heart would break.

Tears were Ellie's special aversion; nothing irked her like them. With deep lines marking the corners of her red mouth, she yet scouted the idea of trouble; any mention of the grim, gaunt creature as connected with herself was sufficient to excite her deepest disdain. Now, she did not notice me in any manner. This was especially irritating to me. I was crying principally on her account, yet she gave me neither thanks nor sympathy.

"I wish you would tell me what you mean," I said, at length.

"Your late proceedings are so unlike you, that sometimes I'm afraid you are out of your mind."

"Well, be at rest there. I never was more sane in my life. Now hurry and finish my handkerchief. Be careful how you embroider that 'L.' You know you are not accustomed to it. A very nice letter is 'L,' and has a pleasant sound."

I wiped my hands manfully, and resumed my work. But I dared not trust my voice to speak; all day it was unsteady. I was utterly miserable. Ellie I loved, yet on me she had no compassion.

That night, after all the house was still, she came to my room. She sat down by the moonlit window, and looked steadily out.

"Ellie!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"I could not answer you to-day," she said, never turning her face. "I don't love Larimer, Annie, though I need not say so to you. I don't even like him; and if I had only myself, if I were quite alone in the world, I think I would sooner trust myself to that plank I see this moment slipping over Pitt River Rapids, than to him. I don't know that a woman can in any case be justified in marrying a man that she despises. I should say myself that she cannot. But I have only my individual conscience to appease, and I feel that what I am doing is nearer right than wrong. I have been a burden—a care to you all—hush, Annie! not a word—now I can help you. I should be the most miserable woman in the world now, if I could not marry him—that is," she explained, "thinking how different I can make everything. And you shall not say I am sacrificing myself, or any of that stuff; it is impossible but that I shall be better off than now. A few more years under the thumb-screws, and I should have grown actually wicked. I have taken delight in inflicting small, merciless state, like any other miserable crushed creature, whose sparse integrity alone could not preserve and keep her sweet. You cry over me now—you would indeed have reason, should I become what I wish to save myself from."

She came up, bent over and kissed me, and then walked away. At the door she turned about.

"You are not civil to Mr. Larimer, Annie, and that is not right. Taste, and tact, and sensibility were all left out when he was fashioned; but, after all, he is quite as good as your sister—quite."

With that she left me, and I cried myself to sleep.

It was all over. I speak of the wedding, not as you would think of a funeral, though the latter it was to me.

I knew Ellie. Therefore, after she had gone away with Mr. Larimer, her image was over in my mind as an innocent victim, crushed by the Juggernaut—a sacred shrine desecrated by impious hands—a vestal altar invaded and trampled down by a brutal, rabble multitude.

Later, she came to us often. I thought she looked weary, and on the strength of it I disliked her husband worse than ever.

The unnumbered kindnesses that she stealthily and he pompously showered upon us were alike galling and bitter to me; I considered them purchased at the price of my sister's flesh and blood.

So, when, a year after her marriage, Mr. Larimer came to take me to live with them henceforth, it was with dread and foreboding that I rather sullenly accompanied him. I was no longer to imagine her woes, I was to witness them daily and hourly.

She looked anything but a woful creature however, as she met and welcomed me to her stately home.

"She is so glad to see me, poor thing!" I thought.

But a longer stay taught me that her gladness was not spasmodic, it was permanent.

In the warmth and brightness of her home, she bloomed and expanded like any flower transplanted from a bleak, sterile hilltop, into a sheltered, sunny garden. She had pined a little in the removal, but now she had a firm hold on content.

It was a pleasure to see her. No longer repressed, no longer

Parker, an Indian, who has accompanied General Grant since the beginning of the Mississippi campaign. Before a crowd could gather, the party were welcomed within the doors of 2,009 Chestnut-street, by the committee of presentation and a few ladies from their families. George E. Stuart, Esq., chairman of the committee, in a brief greeting that touched all hearts by its allusions to the general's bright career, presented the deed and keys of the house. After the introduction to the house in all its apartments, the family were invited up-stairs to a collation spread by the ladies. It was a generous dinner on temperance principles, enjoyed all the more for the prayer of thanksgiving and blessing in which the company were led by Mr. Stuart. The house is one of a block of brick, with brown stone dressing, on Chestnut-street, above 20th. It cost, with the furniture, not far from 50,000 dollars.—Boston Congregationalist.

